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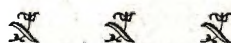
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THE SEPTEMBER RECORDS

By THE EDITOR

A MONTH which gives us a symphony, a piano concerto, a violin concerto, and a string quartet, each of which, at any rate, for the general public is gramophonically a new work, can hold its own in a humble way even with the achievements of a Hobbs. Elgar's Second Symphony, which H.M.V. has issued on six double-sided records in an album, conducted by the composer, may be considered the greatest contribution which our country has made to music, and I hope that its publication in this new and convenient shape will have the effect of restoring some of the prestige to a name that during the last few years has been unduly exposed to the denigration of young critics who, suffering from the breach that the war made in the continuity of culture, have tried, like their fellows in literature and painting, to leap in judgment before they could walk in education. Elgar's renown has been pinched between two stools. On the one hand the pedantic, or perhaps I should say the pedagogic, tradition, which has haunted English music for the last fifty years and which found its least unvital exponent in Stanford, depreciated him because

he went too far for their gentlemanly taste. More by private sneers than by honest and open attack this school spread the idea that Elgar, as a composer, like young Frank Churchill as a guest, was "not quite the thing." On the other hand, the younger men have been proclaiming openly enough that his music was the sort of worthy, dull, and harmless stuff that you would expect from a cathedral organist. As usual, it is Mr. Ernest Newman to whom we may look for a fair judgment, and any reader who wants to appreciate the genuine greatness of Elgar should turn to that critic for help. The actual recording of this symphony is as good as any orchestral recording we have had on the gramophone, and the credit for this must largely be given to Sir Edward's own masterly orchestration. Apart from any question of melodic content or construction this symphony, judged merely as an accumulation of different sounds, shows a more consummate capacity for orchestration than almost any composition I know. But it will take plenty of study.

When, in my last quarterly review, I talked about a Vocalion recording of the *Fourth Piano Concerto*

of Beethoven, I had no idea that it had already been done by that very company; but here it is, and very very welcome too. I think I shall always prefer the *Fifth Concerto*, filled with the tramp of armies marching and even into whose gay *rondo* the roll of drums intrudes for a moment, but there will be moods in which I shall prefer the *Fourth*. The balance between the piano and the orchestra is well preserved, and this bears out my theory that Beethoven knew more about writing piano concertos than anybody before or since. Mr. York Bowen scores a definite success, and Mr. Chapple, the conductor, is much to be congratulated, except for his handling of the wood-wind—particularly the oboes. He and the Vocalion recorders must devote some attention to these instruments. I have not criticised this oboe recording before, though I have been well aware of it, and in every single one of the works that Mr. Chapple has conducted the oboe has been the weakest part. Without in the least knowing what I am talking about I hazard that this instrument is too near the recording horn and that all the wood-wind is badly placed in relation to the rest of the orchestra. The oboe is as annoying sometimes as a whining child, and I invite attention to its future behaviour. I hope that the success of this concerto will tempt the Vocalion Company into giving us the *Third*, which is deliciously melodious and would be very useful for luring unconverted readers into the joys of the piano concerto.

It is interesting to compare the Lener version of the Beethoven "Harp" quartet, issued last month by Columbia, with the Spencer Dyke version already produced by the National Gramophonic Society. It occupies an extra record by observing all the repeats except one; but I am bound to say that I think the *presto* loses enormously by being played so slowly and spread out on two sides, even if it does include two insignificant repeats which, at my prompting, were omitted by the N.G.S., and I think nobody will disagree with me in affirming that the Spencer Dyke gave a much better performance of this movement. In the first movement their superiority seems equally marked. In the second movement honours are easy, for if the first violin in the Lener is better, the 'cello is, to my mind, not so good. In the last movement I think that the Lener Quartet gives a definitely better performance than the Spencer Dyke. I hope that it is not going to become a policy of the recording companies to repeat all the music produced by the N.G.S., which has no desire to compete with the recording companies and which cannot possibly be the loser by such competition. Of course, the N.G.S. would be glad to occupy itself with works that the recording companies are never likely to issue, but so long as so much standard music remains unrecorded it is bound to

take its part in supplying what is wanted. Rumour says that the Debussy is also being done by the Lener Quartet. If it is not too late, may I suggest that the Ravel should be substituted?

I have nothing but praise of Thibaud's performance in Bach's *E flat* violin concerto, which is assured of a great success and which I cannot enjoy less because it is played with a good deal of what I may call humanity. The Columbia issue of Berlioz's *Roman Carnival Overture* is excellent, and one is glad to have the delightful *Enfant Prodigue* music conducted by the senior Goossens. I should have thought there was enough to make up the fourth side instead of giving us Massenet's eternal *Meditation*. I did not care much for the *Meistersinger* records from Parlophone; but I liked the Berlioz record, and their *Poet and Peasant Overture* is the best we have had yet.

Miss Luella Paikin, of whom we have heard a great deal, makes her debut riding on two old cock-horses of the recording rooms. She sings a little flat in both, but that may be due to nervousness, and there is no mistake about the quality of her voice. This astonishingly resembles Galli-Curci's, a lovely warm *coloratura* which makes me anxious to hear her in music that is touched by the breath of life. These rings on her fingers and bells on her toes do not allow one to know if she possesses that little more which is so tremendously important for a *coloratura* soprano. I feel that I have exhausted my superlatives on McCormack's singing; if there are any left they must be given to his record this month of Strauss' *Morgen*, with some wonderful violin playing by Kreisler, on the other side of which is a beautiful song of Rachmaninoff's. From Mr. Eric Marshall we have the best record he has given us for some time. He is a singer from whom I have learnt to expect a steady improvement, and if he will only correct a slight tendency to monotony I expect to see him take a very high position indeed. I found Frieda Hempel's ventriloquial performance in a ridiculous song called *The Night Wind* excessively tiresome. It is bad enough when the flute behaves like this, but when the human voice is asked to imitate the night wind, I feel inclined to invite any aspirants down to Jethou where the night wind will show them what's what with a vengeance. *Wohin* on the other side I have already praised in these columns. The scene from *Boris* sung by Smirnoff and Kaidanoff is a welcome novelty. The bass might be Chaliapine himself, but Smirnoff sounds a little nasal against his companion's noble singing. The Red Indian baritone, Chief Os-Ke-Non-Ton, shows that *bel canto* is possible anywhere, and if some of our throaty English singers are tired of having Italians held up as examples to them, I am willing to hold up this Red Indian chief instead. Last month Mr. Horace Stevens earned high praise in these columns for

his singing of four of Arthur Somervell's charming songs from *Maud*. I feel I must make it quite clear that I entirely disagree with such praise. Mr. Stevens' voice seems to me painfully tight, and whenever I did hear the words I thought them sung in just the wrong way. A correspondent recently wrote to protest that I was unfair to Mr. Norman Allin's voice, which he assured me *competent* critics were unanimous in praising. I can only say that I have a right to be as sceptical about the competence of my correspondent's critics as he has to be about my competence. What I said was that Mr. Norman Allin did not have a good enough voice to carry off stagey effects. To me his voice sounds as hollow as the timpani sound on gramophone records, and I am oppressed by the feeling of how difficult it must all be; but perhaps my correspondent, like so many others, derives pleasure from this sense of effort. I am always fatigued by Sybil Thorndike's acting, George Meredith's writing, Maud Allan's dancing, Epstein's sculpture, Dame Clara Butt's singing, and G. W. Stevens' batting; but, as a lot of people would entirely disagree with my tastes and agree with Partridge in *Tom Jones*, who liked a certain actor because anybody could see he was acting, I shall have to leave the question of competency undecided. I have admitted time after time that I am prejudiced against English singing which never seems a natural way for an Englishman to express himself. I am equally prejudiced against English acting. At the same time when you do get a good English singer or a good English actor, he is very good indeed. Consequently, all my criticisms of English singing must be read bearing in mind that, as a whole, I don't like it. Throatiness has a physical effect on my nerves analogous to the effect produced by hearing somebody cut an apple with a steel knife, or, even more unpleasant, fold a piece of foolscap with long finger nails. However, I have not accused Mr. Norman Allin of throatiness; where his voice fails is in its hollowness, the quality of which is probably exaggerated by the gramophone; nor do I find it easy to distinguish his words.

This brings us to another matter; last month Mr. Sydney Grew protested against the use of "diction" as a word to describe the ability of a singer to convey to his audience the words that he was singing. Mr. Grew is perfectly right when he says that such a sense has not yet been accepted by the dictionaries. At the same time I am not prepared to support his protest. What does he suggest instead? "Locution" has already been appropriated for something else. So has "parlance." Either of these would have been good words for what we want. "Elocution" would do well, had it not already been taken to express clarity of utterance in speech. If we were to use "enunciation" we should only be using a corruption which *has* been accepted

by dictionaries; the same applies to "distinctness." Were there any chance of bringing it into general use I should suggest the word "cantation," which had a brief existence in the seventeenth century; but there really is no reason why "diction" should not, like all the rest of the words I have mentioned, be given a third or fourth meaning, and I for one shall feel no scruples about using it in this corrupt sense. The use of the word "release" for records is quite another matter. It is a habit of the movie world to give private performances of a film after which it is kept locked up for a considerable time, when it is released for public performance. The "release" of a film is like the "production" of a play, but a record is "published" like a book. We don't release a new novel; why should we release a record of a new singer? It is perfectly easy to talk about "issuing" or "publishing", and we have no reason to look further afield. And now, after this divagation, let us come back to the month's records.

I liked the record of Miss Muriel Brunskill. I like the songs she sang and the way she sang them. Another good 10in. record from Columbia was that of Glanville Davies in the *Song of the Flea* and *Silent Noon* by Vaughan Williams. I thought Stracciari's *Serenade* from the *Damnation of Faust* a poor effort. I never heard a less satanic sneer; it sounded rather like an old gentleman clearing his throat in a bus. People always worry me to give them a good record from the past. Well, here is one—De Gogorza singing this serenade, and the serenade from *Don Giovanni*. In fact, most of the De Gogorza records are splendid, and some time early next year we must have him as a gramophone celebrity; he thoroughly deserves it. It is delightful to get the whole of the letter duet from *Carmen* on the two sides of a record, and, though it is no use my pretending to think that Mr. Frank Mullings sounds anything like Don José, I find that he does sing with less impression of strain than usual in this record, while Miss Miriam Licette makes an ideal Michaela. What a lovely duet it is, perhaps the loveliest in all that lovely opera. Electrical recording justifies itself at any rate for choral work. There is a fine example from H.M.V. of the B.N.O.C. choir, and there is an amazing example from Columbia of 850 male voices singing *John Peel* on one side and the same choir reinforced by 4,000 voices singing *Adeste Fideles* on the other. I feel an odd resentment when I hear *John Peel* being sung by a New York choir, the same kind of resentment that I feel when I hear of another Gainsborough crossing the Atlantic. However, *John Peel* has never been better sung, and, so far as I can judge, this astonishing record is quite effective even on the smallest machine. But surely electrical recording is going to kill the internal

amplifier. My H.M.V. Horizontal Grand gives the worst performance every time, whether it is a piano, an orchestra, or a choir. Parlophone published another beautiful Bettendorf record from *Lohengrin* and another good Melchior. I can easily understand that this German tenor might not come off so well on some machines, but on the Balmain he certainly does; on the other hand, the orchestral accompaniment sounded poor. If you still want a good record of *The Lost Chord*, I thoroughly recommend Miss Ethel Hook's in the Vocalion list. I never heard it better sung. It is curious her voice should record so well and her sister's, Dame Clara Butt, so much less well. Mr. Roy Henderson can't quite manage the Meyerbeer aria, the classic record of which is Titta Ruffo's, but he very nearly does manage it, and in a few years' time I fancy that he will manage it comfortably.

I was very glad to find Mr. Herman Klein speaking out for Meyerbeer last month. *Adamastor* is magnificent. I never had the good fortune to see *L'Africaine*; it must be a real thriller. On the other side of this record is an aria from Sullivan's *Ivanhoe*. I wonder how *Ivanhoe* would revive? I saw it as a child at the Royal English Opera House, now the Palace Theatre, but I was at the back of the upper circle and almost at the beginning of the opera I kicked off my shoe which pitter-pattered down almost to the front row, and I was so much occupied in wondering how I was going to recover it that I can remember nothing about the performance. But if you want really good musical reminiscences I suggest Mr. Herman Klein's new book *Musicians and Mummies* (Cassell & Co., 21s.), in which you will find any number of them. You will find a good deal more than mere reminiscence, and no book that I know of gives a clearer account of musical taste during the last half century. Incidentally, it is a valuable guide to dramatic taste during the same period. For some time readers of THE GRAMOPHONE have had the advantage of Mr. Klein's unrivalled knowledge of the opera, so that fortunately he needs no introduction in these columns. I read the book through at a sitting, which I venture to think is a tribute to the author's ability to be interesting, and as I learnt a number of facts of which I had hitherto been ignorant I have no doubt that most of our readers will benefit as much as I did from a course of Mr. Klein. The book is of particular interest to gramophonists for the account it gives of the "Pops" at St. James' Hall (need I explain to the present generation that "Pops" was an affectionate diminutive for the concerts of classical music provided every week by Messrs. Chappell at St. James' Hall, on the site of which Mr. De Groot nowadays provides music that is no doubt extremely popular, but not often classical?) which represented the equivalent of the gramophone in those days.

It is noteworthy that they came to an end just as the gramophone began to get going. Of course, I am not suggesting for a moment any sort of cause or effect, but it is interesting to see the way the time-spirit works sometimes. One asks oneself why after 1,600 concerts public support should begin to fall off. It was certainly not due to any increasing lack of interest in music. I wonder sometimes if we shall see the same kind of sudden unwillingness to support the promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall. I think that Mr. Klein convinces us that singing has deteriorated in the last twenty-five years. It is always difficult not to suspect an old playgoer when he writes about the wonderful past, because such a one is apt to forget that the zest of his own youth made those plays and books and pictures seem so much better in retrospect than those offered to his fatigued maturity. But singing is another matter, especially when it is judged by so accomplished a master of the art as Mr. Klein, because he has had to preserve a critical attitude towards it all his life and his condemnation of modern singing is not to be attributed merely to the enthusiasm of a youthful enjoyment he is no longer capable of feeling. My own experience of the gramophone has convinced me that singing is steadily deteriorating. I should be inclined to back McCormack even against Sims Reeves, but apart from him I have no one to put up against the giants of the past. I sometimes ask myself what we should think nowadays of my own grandfather as a comedian, and I say to myself that, after all, the Victorian age which produced and appreciated so many great men cannot be accused of not knowing what a good actor or singer was. Mr. Klein's attitude to contemporary iconoclasm is wonderfully suave, and it might be recommended as a model to some of our iconoclasts. Of course, I have inherited such a long, and if you like hide-bound, artistic tradition that I find myself as easily in perfect communion with Mr. Klein's point of view as if he were not thirty years my senior. When, for instance, he deplores the neglect of Meyerbeer I am entirely in sympathy with him. Of course, there will always come a time when we must destroy some of our rubbish, but I have noticed that whenever I have had what is called a good clear out of my papers or books, I always manage to destroy many papers and many books that I have afterwards wanted, and I feel convinced that the present fashion of lightening the ship of art will end in its turning turtle, if we are not careful. It must always be remembered that in art the minority has the loudest lungs, and that contemporary criticism is a minority report. Some years ago, in the course of a conversation with William Heinemann, I happened to remark that some book was a great success, whereupon he replied in a tone of the very profoundest contempt, "Oh yes, a great success with

the little London clique, but what use is that to a publisher?" The present attitude of the little London clique in matters of art much resembles that of a revolutionary tribunal, which is so eager to cut off the head of an aristocrat that it has no time to give him a fair trial. This is a Kruschen period, and women have even purged themselves of their hair and their petticoats; but the dreadful thought occurs that the more they have put off, the larger presently will become their appetite to put on. Women always undress after a period of social agony like the great war. Their last undressing was followed by crinolines, and crinolines were followed by the fashions of the seventies and eighties, and so it will go on. A book like Mr. Klein's, written by an essentially wise and genial and tolerant personality, may serve to suggest to some of us that while we have been wringing the necks of a number of swans, we have all the while been mistaking a great many goslings for cygnets.

Just as I had finished writing about Mr. Klein's book Mr. Humphrey Milford sent me Mr. Percy Scholes' "Second Book of the Gramophone Record" (O.U. Press, 4s. 6d.). Mr. Scholes has done as much for the gramophone as any man living, and his latest book is essential to anybody who proposes to make his instrument the handmaid of his musical knowledge and taste. There is a particularly stimulating introduction in which one of our correspondents is pleasantly put in the pillory and another as pleasantly put on a pedestal. Mr. Scholes is a leading exponent of a theory with

which I am in profound agreement—that anybody who is capable of distinguishing between *Pop goes the Weasel* and *God Save the King* is capable of acquiring a taste for good music by the simple process of listening to it over and over again. An appreciation of music marks the highest stage in artistic taste, and there is really no excuse for any man who possessing and enjoying a gramophone remains stationary. I am happy in the assurances of many readers that I have converted them to chamber music. I am sure that Mr. Scholes will be equally happy in the assurances of many readers that he has converted them to music, and I do hope that every one of our readers will give himself the pleasure of tackling, with Mr. Scholes' help, the various records of which he writes so clearly and so justly.

There are still a few records of this month that I must mention before I finish. One is a delightful band record from H.M.V. of some Byrd music, another is an excellent record of Miss Peggy Cochrane from Aco, and also from Aco comes a really admirable vocal record by John Thorne of two of those splendid "freebooter" songs. In fact, nearly all the September Aco's are good.

Mr. Vartz has sent me another splendid sound-box, this time for orchestra, and leaves me with no doubt whatever that he is a genuine magician. Next month I expect to be able to offer our readers an account of various experiments with the gadget and at the same time give them an opportunity of experimenting for themselves.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.



TWENTY-FIVE POPULAR RECORDS THE JULY COMPETITION

THIS is the most important competition which we have held so far. Nearly twice as many entries were received as for the September competition of last year, in which lists of twenty records to supplement those recommended in the Editor's "Gramophone Nights" were submitted, and the range of records occurring and recurring in the lists is more than twice as wide. A comparison of the two competitions is interesting because one would expect the results to be similar; whereas only two of the twenty September records are among the twenty-five July winners. This shows the disadvantage of making lists of records which contain less than, say, a hundred titles. It would be difficult to comprise even within that

limit the really first-class records which should be in everyone's collection.

But think of the labour of compiling such lists! Think too, of the labour of collating more than a hundred such lists to obtain the statistics! No, let us be content with what we have done; and let the Helot who has sorted the lists here and now thank the competitors who took so much trouble in typing or writing out their lists in order to save him trouble at the office end. He has execrated the carelessness which here and there led to a false catalogue reference; he has lamented the omission in many cases of the name of singer or player or orchestra; and he has sympathised with the competitors who have often just missed—

as it were by the toss of a coin—the Caruso or Kreisler or Heifetz records which others have chosen to make into a winner. But, on the whole, the work of collating the lists has been a work of pleasure and excitement, thanks to the spirit and care of the competitors.

The essence of the competition is contained in the correspondence on p. 81 of the July number, between Mr. George Blake, the Editor of *John o' London's Weekly* and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE. Mr. Blake wanted "a stock of tried favourites. I must collect," he wrote, "a hundred good, sound records of direct appeal." He did not want Braga's *Serenade* nor *The Rosary*; but "companions for my Franck *Sonata in A* and my Chaliapine *Volga Boat Song*." And though our Editor pointed out the puzzling inconsistency of referring to the *Second Rasoumovsky* as being harder to enjoy than the Franck *Sonata*, he started the competition for a list of twenty-five records "which are generally admitted to be good music, but which at the same time have been tested on the 'man in the street' and found successful."

The competitors did the best they could with these terms of reference. Some merely made lists of twenty-five records which were their own favourites; some omitted the *Volga Boat Song*—and thus lost a mark—because Mr. Blake admittedly had the record already; some made lists of what Mr. Blake ought to have, whether he liked the titles or not; some evidently thought that Mr. Blake should stick to the glutinous atmosphere of *The Rosary*. But the voting led to a very good list indeed, and one which not only Mr. Blake himself, but all our readers, should include without exception in their libraries. Here it is:

THE WINNING LIST.

1, 2, 3.—H.M.V., D.934, 935, 936. Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, played by the R.A.H. Orchestra under Sir Landon Ronald. (19s. 6d.)

4.—H.M.V., D.B.133. Handel's *Ombra mai fu* and Sullivan's *The Lost Chord*, sung by Caruso. (8s. 6d.)

5.—Parlo. E.10080. *Senta's Ballad* from Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*, sung by Heckmann-Bettendorf. (4s. 6d.)

6.—H.M.V. 261. *Una voce poco fa* from Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Un bel dì vedremo* from Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, sung by Galli-Curci. (8s. 6d.)

7.—H.M.V., D.B.314. Kreisler's *Caprice Viennois* and Dvorák's *Humoresque*, played by Kreisler. (8s. 6d.)

8.—Col. 7352. *Largo al factotum* from Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Cortigiani, vil razza dannata* from Verdi's *Rigoletto*, sung by Stracciari. (8s. 6d.)

9.—H.M.V., D.889. Purcell's *Golden Sonata*,

played by Isolde Menges and William Primrose. (6s. 6d.)

10.—Col. 7357. Bach's *Air for G String* and Chopin's *Nocturne in E flat*, played by Pablo Casals. (8s. 6d.)

11, 12.—H.M.V., D.B.587, 588. Bach's *Concerto in D minor*, played by Kreisler and Zimbalist, and Tchaikovsky's *Andante Cantabile*, played by the same with a string quartet. (19s.)

13.—H.M.V., D.B.105. *The Song of the Volga Boatmen* and Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Prophet*, sung by Chaliapine. (8s. 6d.)

14.—H.M.V., D.A.557. Schumann's *Du meine Seele—Widmung* and Mozart's *Schlafe, mein Prinzchen—Wiegenlied*, sung by Frieda Hempel. (6s.)

15.—H.M.V., D.B.283.—Schubert's *Ave Maria* and Mendelssohn's *On Wings of Song*, played by Heifetz. (8s. 6d.)

16, 17.—Voc., J.04114, 04115. Schumann's *Quintet in E flat*, Op. 44, played by the London String Quartet and Ethel Hobday. (9s.)

18.—H.M.V. 590. Wagner's *Overture to the Mastersingers*, played by the Symphony Orchestra. (6s. 6d.)

19, 20.—Col. 937, 938. Haydn's *Quartet in E flat*, played by the English String Quartet. (9s.)

21.—Col. 7355. *Prologue* from Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* and *Toreador Song* from Bizet's *Carmen*, sung by Stracciari. (8s. 6d.)

22.—Col. L.1460. *Andante con moto* from Schubert's *Quartet in D minor* and *Molto Allegro* from Mozart's *Quartet in G major* (K.387), played by the Lener String Quartet. (7s. 6d.)

23.—H.M.V., D.151. Schubert's *Marche Militaire* and Berlioz' *Marche Hongroise*, played by the R.A.H. Orchestra under Sir Landon Ronald. (6s. 6d.)

24, 25.—Voc. D.02050, 02060. Schubert's *Piano-forte Trio in B flat*, played by Sammons, Tertis, and Ethel Hobday. (9s.)

Total cost, £8 11s. Nos. 8 and 9 are bracketed in the voting as are also Nos. 10 to 15 and Nos. 16 to 23.

From this last sentence it might be supposed that everyone had been inclined to vote for the same records. But this is far from being the case. Whereas the winner of the September competition had twelve out of the twenty winning records on his list, not a single competitor in the July has more than ten out of the twenty-five in the above list. But, on the other hand, matters are complicated by the fact that no less than seven competitors have got ten right, while another half-dozen have got nine out of the twenty-five. At the date of going to press the Editor has not had time to go through the papers and to solve the problem of awarding the prizes. But details will be published in the November number, and also a further list of the next twenty-five records; and in the meantime prize-winners will be informed as soon as a decision is arrived at.

THE GRAMOPHONE AND THE SINGER

(Continued)

By HERMAN KLEIN

The Treasures of Meyerbeer—II.

MUCH to my regret, it is not in my power to pass in review the whole of the existing records taken from the operas of Meyerbeer. And even if I could do so it would be of small advantage to the readers of this magazine, for the simple reason that about half of the records in question were manufactured by the Odeon and Fonotipia Companies, and are practically unobtainable in the United Kingdom. I have also been unable to procure all that I could wish of the Polydors, while the Vocalion and the Parlophone seem to be limited to half a dozen specimens, not more.

In my last month's article (the proofs of which I did not see, being on holiday in Ireland—hence some uncorrected printer's errors) I pointed out that certain of Meyerbeer's operas were still in the active repertory of many of the leading Continental theatres where up-to-date works are naturally in chief request. It is a further indication of the force of my argument that so large a proportion of the gems from those operas should have been recorded in Germany, Austria, and Italy. At about what date most of them were made I cannot say, but surely it was not many years ago, while the Polydors that I have heard must have been comparatively recent. Anyhow, our English houses have not been equally enterprising where Meyerbeer is concerned. Both the H.M.V. and the Columbia have limited their efforts to the sprinkling of popular pieces that the "international stars" are in the habit of including in their concert programmes—for example, the *Shadow Song* from *Dinorah*, the *Page's Song* from *Les Huguenots*, and the even more inevitable *O Paradiso* from *L'Africaine*. But there are so many lovely airs and ensemble pieces besides these that have no place in the English catalogues; and, what is more, I really believe there are the singers capable of recording them in adequate fashion if they can be induced to take the trouble to learn them. How much more welcome such examples of vocal writing would be than the eternal round of latter-day Italian and French operatic excerpts that we have to listen to! To some of those Meyerbeer "treasures" I am coming directly.

But I have not quite done yet with the adverse propaganda; and since poor Meyerbeer lies buried under a sea of it, a return to the subject is not so superfluous as it may appear to be. Unfair criticism is bad enough in a newspaper, but it is

even worse in a book that is intended primarily for educational purposes; and such I take to be the *History of Music* by Charles Villiers Stanford and Cecil Forsyth, published by Macmillans in 1916. On pages 274-6 of this useful book occurs a short account of Meyerbeer which, I am sorry to say, teems with abuse, misrepresentation, and obviously prejudiced opinions. I have not the space to quote all of it here, but a few sentences will give a sufficient idea of its general character. Apparently, then, Meyerbeer was "clever to his fingertips, opportunist of the deepest dye, cultivated, ambitious, and a master of his craft; a composer with great conceptions to his credit, who nevertheless has never gained the respect of great musicians, because he never hesitated to sacrifice principle to gain success." This statement is not true. It was his astonishing success that fanned the hatred of Meyerbeer's rivals; and I cannot help feeling that his old fellow-student, Weber, was just a wee bit under the influence of the green-eyed monster when his heart "bled to see a German composer of creative power stoop to become an imitator in order to win favour with the crowd." But Meyerbeer was no guiltier than Handel or Mozart because of his "dalliance with Italian methods." What crime was there in that? The Italian touches in his music improved it, and there was absolutely no reason for asserting that he introduced them—"a concoction made to order"—so as to achieve "popularity at all costs," any more than there was for accusing him of working assiduously to assimilate French methods to please the habitués of the Paris Opéra.

How about Rossini? He, of course, being an Italian, had a right to adopt any style he pleased—lazy genius!—as he amply proved in his *Stabat Mater* and *Guillaume Tell*. But, according to Stanford and Forsyth, "the Italian carried conviction, the German Hebrew did not"; which statement is neither truthful nor elegant, though quite on a par with the unkind gossip about the claque and the scene-shifter, which the same writer has retailed on the authority of Mme. Viardot. And this all to discredit Meyerbeer in the eyes of the world, in spite of his "great work in developing the constructive side of opera and showing how great effects of climax can be attained," "because of his disregard of high ideals and lack of self-sacrifice in the nobler interests of his art." What rubbish! Naturally the German highbrows and patriots were

angry because Meyerbeer did not stay at home to write operas for them (surely, though, Wagner tried hard enough to please the Parisians, and failed!). Nevertheless, when those same operas, those same artificial and amazing "conglomerations of fine music, trivial detail, masterly orchestration, and striving after effect," were transported to the German stage, they were at once taken to the bosom of the Teutonic public, and in a certain degree remain there to this day. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

The term "grand opera," as well as the chain of lyric dramas that gave rise to it, may be dated from the production of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* at the Paris Opéra (then called the Académie Royale de Musique) on November 21st, 1831. The libretto, by Eugène Scribe and G. Delavigne, was based upon a mediæval legend crowded with picturesque personages and supernatural incidents. It embodies the struggle for the soul of the wayward hero, Robert of Normandy, between Bertram, the spirit of evil, actually his father, and Alice, the simple peasant girl who was his foster-sister; the latter being ultimately successful. Its highly-coloured plot and dramatic situations offered just the right opportunity for the development of young Meyerbeer's romantic disposition and faculties. It was hailed as an extraordinary example of originality and musical power; and there has never been the smallest reason for questioning the truth of that verdict. The supernatural magic of *Robert le Diable* is not more stupid or childish than that of *Tannhäuser* or *Lohengrin* or *Der Freischütz*. The musical treatment is of a different type, that is all—a type not less new and strange or less beautiful of its kind, but illustrating earlier forms rather than the novel continuity of orchestral flow and line of vocal phrase to be presented shortly after in the early works of Wagner. In short, Meyerbeer's style was his own, just as Wagner's style became his; the former owed no more to Spontini and Grétry than the latter owed to Beethoven and Marschner and Weber. For many years the public preferred its Meyerbeer to its Wagner; then it reversed the order of things; finally, everywhere but here, it found that there was room for both.

Robert le Diable was, I admit, an unequal opera, but it was replete with variety of character, of rhythm, of melodic charm. It revealed an astounding sense of contrast and vivid dramatic effect. Unfortunately I have not enough records at my disposal to illustrate these features, but I was pleased to come across, in the H.M.V. catalogue, the magnificent Evocation, *Voici donc les débris*, declaimed by Chaliapine (in Italian, D.B. 106) in his grandest manner. This is a truly worthy specimen both as to singing and recording. The energy of the former is amazing, and towards the end it grows literally diabolical in its force. No wonder this music wakes the poor nuns from the dead and con-

verts them temporarily into a youthful and attractive ballet! Another excellent record of the same passage is that sung by Michael Bohnen (Polydor, F. 2206, in French), whose strident tones are admirably adapted for it. He has not, however, the unique breathing capacity of Chaliapine, though just as capable apparently of "waking the dead." Yet another up-to-date example from this opera is the *Valse Infernale* (H.M.V., D.B. 310) superbly declaimed in Italian, *Demoni fatali, fantasmi d'orror*, by Marcel Journet. The famous French basso is here thoroughly in his element, revelling in the revelry of the demons who echo him with their sardonic chorus, emphasising the thunderous rhythm of music in which he is evidently at home. The French singers know their *Robert*, so to speak, from the cradle. Yet here is also a German favourite, in the person of Frieda Hempel herself, giving us a faultless rendering of the familiar *Robert, toi que j'aime* (H.M.V., D.B. 297). She sings it with exquisite tone and taste, smoothly accompanied by orchestra; and her elaboration of the final cadenza is so discreet, so well in keeping, that no one can complain of her introducing into it a lovely high C.

There are several gems besides these in *Robert le Diable* that ought to be recorded on the gramophone, but are not. The ballad, *Jadis régnait en Normandie*, is one; another, Alice's air with a similar title, *Quand je quittai la Normandie*, which Christine Nilsson formerly sang with such delicious grace; and yet another the duet for Bertram and the villagers, *Ah! l'honnête homme*, which someone has described as "a masterpiece of high musical comedy." The fine Evocation already mentioned has been recorded in New York by that inimitable artist, Pol Plançon (Victor, 6371), but I have not had the advantage of hearing it. Plançon has been dead a long time, and he must have made this record nearly twenty years ago.

The second of the Meyerbeer *chefs-d'œuvre*, and on the whole the greatest of the six, was *Les Huguenots*, produced on February 29th (Rossini's birthday), 1836, at the Paris Opéra. My sole criticism of Scribe's libretto (certain lyrics were written by Emile Deschamps) is that, in place of a coherent plot, it gives us in its five acts what may rather be termed a string of highly picturesque and dramatic episodes, founded upon that fearful blot on French history, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The last part of the story, after the blessing of the daggers is overheard by the Huguenot nobleman, Raoul de Nangis, and his effort to warn his friends is prevented by Valentine (daughter of the Catholic leader, St. Bris), thanks to the discovery and avowal of their mutual passion—this wonderful scene, with all its glorious music, leads up coherently enough to the final climax of the fifth act, where the two lovers, together with the faithful old Huguenot soldier, Marcel, are shot side by side in the churchyard amid

clouds of gunpowder smoke. Only unfortunately the opera is so long that this concluding act is now seldom, if ever, performed. The curtain finally falls, therefore, on the scene where Raoul, tearing himself away from Valentine, leaves her insensible on the ground, and rushes, too late, through a bay window to tell his people of their danger. But, in spite of the drawbacks I have indicated, it makes a magnificent opera, and the crescendo of musical and dramatic interest is overwhelming. As a distinguished French critic has said, "The chief merit for this is the musician's; for the interpretation develops in proportions infinitely more vast than the theme." It is nothing less than a sin that beauties such as this work abounds with should be withheld from the present generation of opera-lovers.

Of available records from *Les Huguenots* the first to be noticed is the air sung by Raoul in Act I. after the banquet of which he partakes in a mixed company of Catholic and Huguenot nobles. It is a favourite, because of its remarkable combination of poetry and imagination, being the description of a vision of feminine loveliness that Raoul has been privileged to behold. It is a suave and sensuous melody, with a viola obbligato for its well-nigh sole accompaniment; and it is exceedingly difficult to sing. In the Italian version it is known as *Bianca al par di neve alpina*, and the most perfect record of it is that of Enrico Caruso (H.M.V., D.B.115). One artist alone in my experience sang it more ravishingly than Caruso—that was Jean de Reszke; and he never, so far as I am aware, made a record of any sort. But this of the great Italian tenor's is a jewel in every sense of the word—for luscious opulence of tone, for charm of elegant phrasing, for beauty and ease of the big head-notes, for admirable breathing—in short, everything that constitutes a superb artistic vocal effort. It was obviously done when Caruso was just in his prime. More than this there is no need to say. An earlier specimen, but a welcome one, is that which Florencio Constantino sang in New York for the Columbia (A.5204), and which is even now quite worth hearing. The voice is pure and sympathetic, the style very refined and pleasing. He takes a superfluous breath occasionally (as for instance at the opening of the recitative, *O qual soave vision*, between the *soave* and the *vision*); but on the other hand he never "scoops," and his attack is neatness personified. A much later record (H.M.V., D.B.470), by Antonio Paoli, will not compare with either of the above. The voice sounds pinched and tremulous (I tried it with two or three different needles, too), and the robustious manner of the singer is quite out of place in an elegant dreamy narrative such as this. The graceful viola obbligato fairly puts him to shame.

The rugged ditty of the old soldier, Marcel, which he trolls forth to amuse his master's friends, the

famous *Pif, paf, pouf* (H.M.V., D.B.307), is in an entirely different vein; it shows Meyerbeer in his most characteristic mood. The energetic swing of the whole thing is irresistible, and in the solitary record of Marcel Journet are to be found the sonorous volume with the freedom and vigour essential for the traditional delivery thereof. It is, perhaps, a shade too *parlato*—almost shouted, in fact—but after all the style is that of the piece, and what more need one say?

Three examples of the celebrated *Page's Song*—probably the most familiar number in the opera—and not one of them beyond criticism either for rendering or recording. But *que voulez-vous*? It is rarely sung with the right mixture of distinction and railery, of graciousness and self-importance even on the stage; and who to-day can reproduce the manner of the glorious Alboni or the ingratiating Scalchi? The best of the trio is Louise Homer (H.M.V., D.B.665), though she is rather rough with her rich tone, while her Italian is very faulty. In Bettina Freeman's (Col. A.5215) there is bright vocalisation, but not sufficient real animation—the self-assertive spirit of the Queen's messenger. Still less of either emerges from the effort of Katharine Arkandy (Polydor, B.24154), feebly recorded in a thin, small voice, with neat execution but absolutely no distinction of style, and sung in all but inaudible German. The cadenzas in each case are singularly ill-chosen. There are no other solos in the first Act. I wish, however, that the final ensemble could be heard on the gramophone. It includes a curiosity of rhythm not unknown to modern ears, yet rarely identified for what it is—viz., a bit of chorus that was utilised many years ago by the late Lieut. Dan Godfrey, bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards, for the Slow March in the "Trooping of the Colour." It is known to the Guards simply as the tune from the *Huguenots*, and I hope you have seen them execute that wonderful slow, dragging march to it, one step to each bar, as I have on the Horse Guards Parade and at Wembley. Its "trio," by the way, is a tune from Halévy's opera *La Juive*, and another theme sometimes used is Figaro's air from *Le Nozze*. But for this inimitable example of perfect drilling the tune from the *Huguenots* has the others "beaten to a frazzle." You may recognise its origin next time you hear it.

The charming music of the Queen, whilst she is awaiting the arrival of Raoul in the Gardens of Chenonceaux, is all that I have from the second act. Not a trace of the *Chœur des Baigneuses*, of the melodious duet for the Queen and Raoul, or of the superb ensemble when the nobles swear their oath of fidelity. The solo for Marguerite de Valois, *O beau pays*, is imperfectly rendered in French by Frieda Hempel (H.M.V., D.B.276), the quality of the more acute notes being at times more than a trifle shrill, and the intonation of the chromatic

passages decidedly inaccurate. The cadenza, over-elaborated, compares unfavourably with the sweetness of the flute obbligato. It is a pity the other side of the record is not used for the quick portion of the air, which is incomplete without its *Cabaletta*. This omission is not imitated in the German version (Polydor, 943360-1), sung under the titles of *O glücklich Land* and *Dies einz'ge Wörtlein Liebe*, by Käte Herwig. Both sections are excellent; the first very prettily phrased, neat, and musical in execution; the other extremely brilliant and effective and marked by clever vocalisation. A third record of *Dies' einz'ge Wörtlein* (Parlophone E10362) is sung with elegance and finish by Margarethe Siems, the gifted original Marschallin of *Der Rosenkavalier*; while on the reverse side Fritz Jökl gives a delightfully spirited account of the *Page's Song*—both well accompanied by orchestra.

The real drama of this opera begins with the third act, where the opposing forces of Huguenots and Catholics are for the first time brought face to face. The salient features of their bitter struggle are brought out with wonderful force of contrast in things like the "Rataplan" and "Curfew" choruses, the fight between the students (interrupted by the ballet of *bohémien*nes), the duel septet, the *grand duo* for Valentine and Marcel, and finally the State entry of Marguerite de Valois to honour the espousals of the Comte de Nevers and Valentine. Of these I have but one German record to speak about—namely, that of the duet by Barbara Mickley-Kemp and Paul Knüpfer (*Welch ein Schreck* and *Ach, dies Herz*, Polydor, 044279-80), which I have always thought to be the *clou* of the scene in the *Pré aux Clercs*. The soprano is not altogether on a level here with the artistry of Knüpfer, whom we have so often heard at Covent Garden—in music of a different kind. But on the whole it is a competent rendering and verifies my statement that Wagnerian singers abroad are still quite at home in Meyerbeer, simply because it forms part of their regular work. Unfortunately the other *grand duo*, that between Valentine and Raoul in the fourth act, does not seem to be recorded. It will be some day, I am quite sure; but, meanwhile, all that we have from the stupendous scene of the *Conjuration* and the *Bénédiction des Poignards* is a much mutilated version of the famous passage in which the Comte de St. Bris makes his fanatical declaration to the assembled conspirators, monks, nuns, nobles, etc., and binds them all to secrecy. This is finely sung in German by that admirable Wotan, Friedrich Schorr (*Schwur und Schwerteweihe*, Polydor, B.22083), supported by a capable ensemble; and in French by Marcel Journet (*D'un sacro zel*, H.M.V., D.B.307), with supporting chorus only. Both give a capital idea, brief as it is, of the grandeur of this episode and the masterly nature of its musical handling.

It brings to a close for the present my task of resuscitating the Meyerbeer operas, which I hope to complete in the November number.

HERMAN KLEIN.



Publicity Competition.

As was foreshadowed in previous numbers, the Publicity Competition which was started in the March number and closed at the end of August, has proved a baffling mystery. New subscription order forms come in to the London Office, but not signed by any introducer, and it is extremely difficult to know whether any reader has even qualified for the Thirty Shillings' Worth of Records by securing twenty new readers for us. The Editor does not feel justified in declaring the competition a wash-out without securing the adjudication of some outside authority; and when this has been done an announcement will be made to our readers and to the many firms who generously offered prizes. *In the meantime will any dealer or reader who claims to have secured twenty or more new subscribers since March 1st, please communicate at once with the London Office?*

Pachmann Competition.

No one has yet solved the problem of the ejaculations of Pachmann in the recording of the *Nocturne in B major* on H.M.V., D.B.859. The offer of *Fifteen Shillings' Worth* of H.M.V. records is still open.

A Guide for Gramophone Music

We have received a good many requests from readers for a series of articles explaining and interpreting music and generally providing some sort of useful knowledge about its growth, constitution, make-up, and meaning. We are anxious to supply all the help we possibly can, but our trouble is that one reader asks for analytical information, in simpler language than that our reviewers use (though we do not think they can be charged with obscurity), another wants to know how music developed, a third wants some guidance in "understanding classical music," and so on—everybody wants something different. In order that we may seek the greatest good of the greatest number (and, we hope, interest those who may not have expressed any particular wish, but who are sufficiently keen to be willing to read about some of the things mentioned above), we shall be very glad if all who would like a series of articles intended to assist them in getting more enjoyment out of listening to music would write to us *as soon as possible* saying as definitely as they can just what they would like to read about. We shall appreciate our readers' help in this.

THE RECORDED MUSIC OF MRS. HOBDAY, SAMMONS & TERTIS

By JOHN C. W. CHAPMAN

ETHEL HOBDAY, Albert Sammons, and Lionel Tertis—what a wealth of beautiful and valuable music we owe to these supreme artists and the two great companies who have recorded them! Their records cover a wide range of selections from the works of numerous composers, from Bach and Handel to Elgar and Ireland.

Mrs. Hobday (who was Miss Ethel Sharpe) is the wife of that eminent musician, Alfred Hobday, principal violist of the London Symphony Orchestra. She has had a distinguished career as a pianist.

Albert Sammons, composer of numerous violin solos, several of which have been recorded, is the leading solo violinist of British nationality, and enjoys a considerable reputation as a player of concertos, his rendering of that of Elgar being particularly beautiful. He has given yeoman service to the gramophone; and relinquished the leadership of the London String Quartet when his military duties during the war rendered this step necessary.

Lionel Tertis is recognised as the greatest exponent of the viola, which he has firmly established as a solo instrument. Not the least of his services to recorded music is his remarkable skill in arranging violin, 'cello and other music to suit his beloved instrument. Inspired by his fine playing, such composers as York Bowen, J. B. McEwen, Arnold Bax, Cyril Scott, Frank Bridge, and B. J. Dale, amongst others, have written a number of works for him. Let us hope that some of these may soon be recorded. His wonderful rendering of the Bach *Chaconne* is, of course, famous.

The combination of these three fine musicians, whose delightful playing and wonderful ensemble provide some of the most valuable records ever issued by Vocalion, has now ended by Sammons and Tertis coming under the ægis of Columbia. These changes, more often than not, lead to duplications of existing works rather than to the production of new treasures—though, in the present instances, that has not so far happened.

In rendering our due homage to the talents of Sammons and Tertis, we must not allow ourselves for one moment to overlook the genius of Ethel Hobday. Few can surpass and still fewer equal her as a successful recording pianist; but her most remarkable quality apart from the masterly brilliance and exquisite sympathy of her playing, is her perfect collaboration with the famous

instrumentalists with whom she records. She is exclusive to Vocalion, for which company she has made numerous records with Sammons, Tertis, Jelly d'Aranyi, Adila Fachiri, Phyllis Allan, Warwick-Evans, and the London String Quartet. These records prove in no uncertain fashion how much these fine artists are indebted to her presence at the piano. She only takes part in instrumental works, and does not record solo.

Selection of Mrs. Hobday's discs naturally depends to a large extent on individual choice from the repertoires of the artists associated with her. A notable example of her playing is found in the César Franck *Sonata* (D.02042,93), which Phyllis Allan plays so pleasingly, and with such remarkably good violin tone. These two records should be acquired by everyone who does not wish to incur the expense of the complete work as recorded on H.M.V. by Thibaud and Cortot. Jelly d'Aranyi and Adila Fachiri, nearly all of whose records are accompanied by Mrs. Hobday, started recording at a time when Vocalion could render the fullest justice to their exquisite individual and ensemble playing. Therefore it is not necessary to single out any particular titles by these ladies for especial mention; all are extremely desirable and individual taste must regulate their acquisition. The same applies to the 'cello records of Warwick-Evans accompanied by our pianist.

Mrs. Hobday's best record, in my opinion, is the *Scherzo* of the Schumann *Quintet* (J.04115). Indeed, all the four sides of this delightful work give her unrivalled opportunities, of which she fully avails herself, of demonstrating her virtuosity. The recording is magnificent, both strings and piano "coming through" splendidly. The second movement contains some remarkably effective 'cello passages.

Before reviewing the individual records of Sammons and Tertis, let us consider the works in which they are associated with Mrs. Hobday and other artists. Beyond all doubt the best of these is the Schubert *Trio in B flat*, Op. 99 (D.02050, 60). The third and fourth movements are particularly happy, revealing a joyous abandon and perfect ensemble delightful to listen to, while the whole work is beautifully recorded on good surfaces. Next to this I would place the three complete Mozart trios in the following order: *No. 7, in G*, Op. 16, Kochei No. 564 (D.02150 and K.05174);

E Major, Kochel No. 542 (D.02064, 91); and *E flat*, Kochel No. 498 (D.02015, 64). In the last-named (my favourite, though technically it is inferior to the other two) Tertis plays the clarinet part, Frank St. Leger being at the piano. Then there is the Handel *Sonata No. 8* (D.02023), which I may rank as a trio, as Sammons and Tertis collaborate with that fine musician, F. B. Kiddle, whose records can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. It is a pity that Vocalion have not recorded the remaining movements of this beautiful old sonata. Dvorák's *Bagatellen* (D.02083, 02111) are, as their name indicates, trifles—but very charming trifles, eminently worth buying. So, also, to those who care for the music, is the Mendelssohn *Trio*, Op. 49 (D.02044, 54) in which Warwick-Evans is substituted for Tertis. Technically, all these trios are very creditable; and, though some of the surfaces are rather noisy, in no case are they bad.

The records of Albert Sammons may be divided into four groups: As leader of the London String Quartet; early Columbia; Vocalion; recent Columbia. In the first group, the Vocalion and recent Columbia issues of this Quartet, in which James Levey, and not Sammons, is first violin, are naturally omitted. It must be remembered that many of the old Columbia L.S.Q. discs (in which Sammons leads) were pioneers on the path of gramophonic chamber music, and have been relegated to the background by up-to-date duplications of many of their titles. However, though their musical value has decreased, they still give a good account of themselves on New Process surfaces. The best of them is the Mozart *Quintet in G minor* (L.1362, 3, 4), in which Alfred Hobday makes his sole appearance on instrumental records (so far as I can trace) as second viola. This quintet, both musically and technically, is as near perfection as any recorded chamber music that I have heard, in spite of the fact that it was made on the morning of the first daylight German air-raid over London! The march of progress substitutes the complete Lener version of the Mozart *No. 15 Quartet* (L.1606, 7, 8) for L.1330-31; the complete Beethoven quartets, Op. 18, *No. 1, in F* and Op. 18, *No. 2 in G* (on H.M.V. D.947-50 and D.997-9), by the Catterall Quartet supersede L.1350, 51 and L.1056, 68; the Spencer Dyke Quartet's uncut version of Haydn's "*Hornpipe*" *Quartet* (D major, Op. 64, No. 5) on Vocalion X.9554-6 is preferable to D.1443-4. Tchaikovsky's *Quartet in D major*, Op. 11 having been issued complete on H.M.V. D.865-8 by the Virtuoso String Quartet, L.1004 and all other truncated versions of the *Andante Cantabile* are superfluous. Those who desire the *Scherzo* solus should choose L.1015, or L.1512 by the Lener Quartet; while anyone who fancies Grainger's *Molly on the Shore* should hear H.M.V.

D.B.254 before buying L.1019. Special attention must be directed to the beautiful accompaniments to the exquisite singing of the late Gervase Elwes in *On Wenlock Edge* (7363, 4, 5).

The Elgar *Concerto in B minor*, with Sir Henry J. Wood and the New Queen's Hall Orchestra (L.1071, 2) is Sammons's most noteworthy recording in the early Columbias, and a very important contribution to the limited number of Elgar discs available. I prefer Bronislaw Huberman's wonderful Brunswick (50019) of the Vieuxtemps *Ballade and Polonaise* to L.1165. I have never heard a better rendering of Hubay's *Hejre Kati* than Sammons gives; and if I select the Vocalion (D.02040) rather than the Columbia (L.1218) it is because I find on the obverse the beautiful *Meditation* from *Thaïs*, which is also available on Columbia L.1012. Amongst the records in both catalogues you will doubtless find many to please you. But on no account must you miss the lovely Handel *Sonata in A* (K.05155), nor the Chopin *Nocturne* and Dvorák *Slavonic Dance* (K.05111). The cut first and second movements of the Grieg *Sonata* (D.02066) are beautifully played; but the complete work as recorded by Tertis is preferable. The unaccompanied Handel *Passacaglia* and the Fuchs *Duet* (D.02019) in which Sammons is partnered by Tertis, is extremely good.

The recent Columbia recordings of Sammons comprise the Delius *No. 2 Sonata* (D.1500-1) with E. Howard Jones at the piano, the Vitali *Chaconne* (D.1496, 7), and two dainty trifles by Bishop and Juon (D.1509). They have all been recently reviewed. It is unnecessary for me to enlarge on the masterly technique and beautiful playing of our violinist.

Great as Lionel Tertis is in the trios I have mentioned, he must be heard in a sonata or solo to be fully appreciated. In its high notes the viola almost equals the violin; its sonorous low tones are reminiscent of the cello, and it always retains its characteristic richness. A beautiful instrument in the loving hands of a wonderful master. Tertis has made many Vocalion records, the best of which undoubtedly is the Grieg *Sonata*, Op. 45 (D.02104, 6, 12). His playing of the stormy *Allegro molto ed appassionato* is amazing; the honours in the lyric beauty of the second movement (*Allegretto espressivo*) are equally divided between him and Mrs. Hobday; whilst the third movement (*Allegro animato*), with its quaint march-like theme is a sheer delight. I regard this sonata as Tertis's best recording, and next to it I should place the Brahms (clarinet) *Sonata* (Op. 120, No. 1), on Vocalion X.9463, 4 and K.05117, another lovely work in which both players are heard at their best. Probably the most valuable music Tertis has recorded is the recent Columbia issue of the Bach *Chaconne* (L.1644, 5). Bach's *Come*,

sweet death and Porpora's *Aria* (Columbia D.1502) are two veritable gems; and the Tchaikovsky *Barcarolle* on the odd side of the *Mozart No. 7 Trio* (K.05174) is marvellously played and beautifully recorded. Fauré's *Elégie* and John Ireland's unaccompanied *Holy Boy* (K.05144) make another notable disc, which lovers of both composers will welcome; whilst among the older Vocalion recordings *Prelude and Allegro* (Pugnani-Kreisler) and Kreisler's *Tambourin Chinois* (D.02041) are perhaps most worthy of notice. Much as I admire Tertis as an interpreter of Bach, his *Air on the G string* (D.02067) does not tempt me from my allegiance to James Levey on Columbia 3149—one of the most wonderful three-shilling records ever issued. A thoroughly bad disc, which should be with-

drawn, is *Chanson sans paroles* and *Chanson Triste* (R.6017) which is a libel both on Tertis's artistry and the tone of the viola.

I base my opinions of the merits of records mentioned in this article on the excellent reproduction of three first-rate gramophones—my own Columbia Grafonola, a friend's New Columbia Grafonola, and the Orchorsol. As it is impossible to detail all records by Mrs. Hobday and her colleagues, I have indicated those I consider most important and desirable. I am indebted to the Orchorsol Gramophone Co., 149, South Lambeth Road, S.W. 8, for courteously demonstrating many records not at present in my collection.

JOHN C. W. CHAPMAN.



THE YOUNG COMPOSER

(Continued from the September Number)

By JOSEPH HOLBROOKE

IT was a dismal story, this musical venture of our composer. Better times were certainly coming to him, but he had a few more experiences to analyse before his education was rounded off.

Years passed. The general activity of him and his great output of work challenged much attention and much praise.

He had written now some fifty or sixty songs of various calibre. Some for the shop, it is true, but many others of whose worth he thought very highly. He approached several first-class singers, of bounding reputation, to see if he could animate any likely feeling for his work in this department. They all now called him by his Christian name, and otherwise fondly cherished him. He was getting very well known. They pointed out to him that the "songs were fine, but not for the public."

He heartily d— the public, but demurrage followed quickly: How could they sing and put in their time at learning such difficult songs, and lose money and favour over it? they asked. They were always sure of healthy plaudits if they sang *Home, Sweet Home*, or *O ruddier than the cherry*, and they did not need to work for this. They knew these works. Our composer, they said, "must be reasonable," and see the truth of their contentions. For him, of course, their fees were out of the question; they could, and did, all earn twenty guineas or more a night marking time in provincial cities, and they were engaged, too, nearly every night. They spent their lives in trains. For what? He understood then, vividly, the reason his country lacked great lieder singers. There was not enough money in it, evidently.

He noticed that they mostly sang out of London, or if in London, invariably in batches, at popular ballad concerts, and their influence and help for our great song was, with one or two solitary exceptions, nil.

After suffering some of his pupils to sing his songs, the variety, voice, and intellect needed, he saw, were always lacking. So he engaged one of the most kindly of his singer friends to sing at his concert. But learn the songs the composer chose, she would not! He had to allow *her* the choice, and he secretly hoped this would lead to a better audience for him.

But the drawing power of our singers with big voices, he found, was a negligible quantity. Not one single ticket did he find sold except those he had disposed of himself! He then thought perhaps the enthusiastic amateur might be of more value than this to him! The inaccuracies of the rendering of these songs at the concert were also marked. He was cured of any further efforts of elucidation from the popular songsters!

Prosperity, however, in a monetary sense, began to loom for him. He had religion and belief in himself always, so he knew he was never likely to suffer utter disaster. The tremendous propensity for work he had would always save him. He found he could play, he could conduct (thanks to the training the orchestras had unwillingly given him). He could write, teach, and (if need be) lecture. Rather useful he found all these gifts in a totally unmusical environment!

A message came to him from an English poet to set one of his big poems. The composer read

it, and liked it. The setting of it to music so much pleased the well-to-do friends of the poet, that he was approached by one of them to again set some more poetry. Poetry and painting being weaknesses of our composer, he had (unknown to him) found a friend for life, by his music, and not by any other method.

Some orchestral concerts were now discussed, by those who liked his work, and he began to live better, eat better, think better, and, we hope, write better!

But the world is *not* a kindly place in all its parts to the artist, and the best artists of his country had always been massacred he knew. The first concert of his orchestral works drew a poor audience; the orchestra rehearsed as little as possible, and the "Press" now began to turn against our composer. Some absurd "news" now became public, that this composer—hitherto in the ditch—had found a friend and patron, and this did not suit the world at all. They like the desperate situation, the last card, the forlorn hope, so long as they do not have to partake of it themselves. Anyway, the vote for his work, if never for him personally, became altogether strained, and we read now that his work, hitherto dubbed very highly by nearly all, was belittled, ignored, and derided. In one case a journalist travelled from a provincial city to London to hear one of his symphonies, and in a violent attack declared it was old music "dished up"!

It is true that by this time the composer, surely a rare species, had brought forth poems, chamber works, piano works, songs, choral essays, and operas, but this was of no moment to an English audience. There was no social side whatever to this music-maker, and that is a grave omission in our country. There was absolutely only the fruit of hard and concentrated work. Further, it was found beyond doubt, by those who write in papers, that this weird and impossible poet had ideas of his own, and did not scruple to utter them, thus making a nice little gathering against himself for all time. To find an outsider (who had flaunted and cursed the conditions under which he and others had to work) finding a powerful friend is too much for the dogs that bark. It is not bearable, and resentment found powerful issue in many a daily paper.

It was not diplomacy for our young musician to utter his scorn. It had been better for him to have suffered in silence as others have often done; but he had this crooked thing in him. He must vent his indignation against obviously bad things, and he now paid the debt up to the hilt. England had not the reputation of repulsing all its gifted ones in art, or even denying their existence, for nothing. It had a reputation to keep up.

So it now became an event indeed if his work was heard at all, for if it was, the judges amongst

us ignored it altogether, and took to other and more frisky fare; but times do advance, and it was to be the mechanical processes, which were recording much great music, that came to his rescue and put some heart in him.

A request from a famous pianola firm to cut several of his more ambitious works (for orchestra) looked like placing his music before the public in a permanent and correct fashion.

He had a prejudice, like many creative artists, against the mechanical dexterity of music—soulless, he thought, but he was requested to give his own rendering of the works, and for the first time in his career, heard his music nearly as he had imagined it! All folk cannot be musicians, and it was the amateurs, the beloved amateurs, who could now have some of his best works.

As much of the music was technically difficult, the pianola, knowing no such limitations, gave it in absolutely correct fashion, and he began to realise that the huge army of amateurs in the world were well served when they obtained their Strauss, Wagner or Wolf for home consumption. His joy was further increased by the like request from a prominent gramophone firm to record some of his chamber music. This he agreed to, playing the pianoforte part himself in some difficult movements. To hear his work thus for all time laid out gave him an inexpressible impetus for more work, and an instrument being kindly presented to him by the firm, made him forget the difficulty he had had in getting the records to his satisfaction—for the firms mentioned did not issue such music unless it was to the composer's standard, and as he had a very high one—like all artists worth their salt—it had taken some time to get the good results. But it was well worth it. Where he never heard a public performance of his work more than once a year—he could give himself and his friends a treat at any time! The clarity above all of this side of his music delighted him the most. No wrong notes, no "cutting," no "conductors," no orchestras to worry him, and some share of the sales which would come to his pocket showed him that the records of good music now being done had come to stay. He had one misgiving. Much of the music for gramophones had to be "cut" to some certain length, but as he carefully chose works which would suffer the least, it was not a great hardship, and even that, in time, will be overcome.

He hoped a great library thus would be built up of lovely chamber music, and song, for home consumption. Indeed, it was well on the way! Why did not such enterprising firms obtain *special works* for their records, which could not be either obtained elsewhere, or published, or (mis-) performed anywhere else? An idea worth consideration.

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.

POLYDOR RECORDS

By THE EDITOR

I THINK that I shall not be doing an injustice to the Polydor records when I suggest that the chief reason for their success has been the amount of music unobtainable elsewhere rather than any particular superiority of the records themselves. The gramophone is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of novelty; this is due to its glaring imperfections in the present state of its development. Hardened devotees will forgive my insistence upon what for them is a truism, for the benefit of the numerous gramophonists whose experiments are still wreathed in the enchanted hues of hope. Every new sound-box, every new needle, every new tone-arm gives us something that we have not had before, but the novice does not realise that nearly always it takes something else away at the same time. I often hear complaints that Brunswick records are not so good as they were. As a matter of fact they are just as good, but the novelty of Brunswick recording has worn off and we now perceive faults where hitherto we had only perceived the peculiar virtue of that recording. Even the electrical recordings that I have heard seem to me to be deteriorating rather than improving, because, like everything else, while they have wonderful virtues they have also at present several abominable vices. The same applies to art itself. How often will you hear people say of a writer or a painter who has had an early success that his work has deteriorated? That is because the charm and novelty has worn off, and his faults begin to appear.

Polydor records are no more able to escape the law of reaction than anything else, and I have waited to write about them until I could feel that my judgment was neither charmed by their novelty nor warped by the subsequent inevitable disappointment. My survey of them, particularly the vocal records, must be extremely superficial, but so many of our correspondents have offered valuable advice that these remarks of mine must be taken as merely supplementary. The records that have given me the greatest pleasure are those of Gustav Mahler's *Resurrection Symphony* and Haydn's *Abschied Symphony*, which lie at the opposite poles of orchestral recording. I cannot understand why we don't ever get an opportunity of hearing the Mahler symphonies in England; the particular one recorded by Polydor is full of drama and melody; it contains a superb contralto solo, and the choral part is most moving. Its length, of course, is tremendous, eleven double-

sided records, but to my taste, at any rate for the moment, the length seems justified. It might be that a musician of more sophistication might find it *faux bon*, but I am perfectly sure that the man of average musical taste with enough leisure to play it right through occasionally will find it thoroughly enjoyable. It necessitates some tremendous orchestral effects being recorded and the success with which they are achieved deserves our warmest admiration. The three records of the *Abschied Symphony*, which incidentally only cost 5s. 9d. each, I strongly recommend. The strings, which are apt to be weak in Polydor records, have a real quality here. Charming, too, under the same conductor, Biehle, is a trio of Stamitz (the only example on the gramophone of this interesting early composer) and Mozart's musical joke for a string quartet and two horns. After these works I should be inclined to put the Polydor recording of Strauss as their most valuable contribution to the gramophone. Also *Sprach Zarathustra* is not yet obtainable elsewhere and it is sufficiently well done to make any other recording for the time being unnecessary. Between the Polydor *Till Eulenspiegel* and the H.M.V. there is little to choose, certainly not enough to make it worth while for the ordinary amateur to look beyond the English version. If I were going to invest in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* I should prefer the Polydor version conducted by the composer himself to the one we have from Columbia, but here again there is really little to choose, and those who already possess the Columbia version need not regret the other. I might mention that the other side of *The Dance of the Tailors* in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is occupied by the *Ariadne in Naxos* Overture, which is not found in any other list. I have already made an attempt to place the Polydor versions of the Beethoven symphonies. The *Fourth Symphony* of Schumann is the only Schumann symphony on the gramophone, and the Polydor version of it may be recommended as a good workmanlike production. Unfortunately, the *scherzo* has been omitted, so that the symphony is not complete. Haydn's *Symphony No. 88* should not be overlooked by his lovers. What a revival the gramophone has made for Haydn's music! He has become a serious rival to Mozart in the affections of the younger generation. The *First Symphony* of Brahms is not so good as our own Columbia version, and the Polydor *Jupiter* is not nearly so good as our own H.M.V. I do not possess Bruckner's

Seventh Symphony, but I have the slow movement from the eighth, which takes up five sides of three records, the sixth side being very strangely allotted to the *andante* from a Dittersdorf quartet. This slow movement is most enjoyable and much to be recommended if you like Wagner, for it is extremely Wagnerian.

Two Polydor records that everybody will like are Smetana's *Die Moldau*; this has two glorious melodies, and I can scarcely imagine that anybody would not place it among his favourite records. A puzzle now arises, because there are two versions of it in the Polydor catalogue; I had both, and finally chose the older version conducted by Blech and played by the Berlin Orchestra, to the later version played by the Charlottenburg Orchestra under the same conductor. I understand, however, that most people prefer the newer version. I did not think much of the *1812 Overture* from Polydor and I don't much care for the *Nachtlager von Granada Overture*. There is another Smetana record that is well worth attention with a polka on one side and a furiant from *The Bartered Bride* on the other. Pfitzner's *Das Christ-Eislein Overture* is not particularly interesting, but there is a very good record of Rossini's *Semiramis Overture* and Weber's *Preciosa Overture*. Reger's *Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Mozart* are attractive records, and the Spanish dances of Albeniz adapted for orchestra are worth while. Of Russian music I have Liadoff's *Kikimora*, Moussorgsky's *Night on the Lissaberg*, and Glazounov's *In the Middle Ages*, all of which are excellent records, but only the Glazounov is a speciality of the Polydor list. Mendelssohn's *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage Overture* should not be overlooked. We haven't much Mendelssohn on the gramophone, and if he is out of favour at the moment his bland melodies are useful for certain moods. Wagner's *Faust Overture* is obtainable conducted by Bruno Walther. This is a good record; but the music did not appeal to me greatly.

I think I have mentioned all the Polydor orchestral records that I possess at present. Now for their chamber music. This is a thin list and not particularly satisfactory. I have one of the Busch Quartet records, on one side of it the *presto* from Verdi's only quartet and on the other the *scherzo* from Schubert's *G major*. The Busch records cost rather more than most of the Polydors—5s. 9d. without the monstrous McKenna duty. Their playing is magnificent, and I strongly recommend them as a pleasant extravagance. There is an uncut *Kreutzer Sonata* on four double-sided records, in which the piano is splendid, but the violin so dreadfully scratchy that I cannot recommend these records. Nor can I recommend the *Spring Sonata* with its mysterious duplication of the *adagio*. Here, again, the piano is good, but the

violin very feeble. I hoped to get a really good version of Beethoven's great *Trio in B flat*, but, alas, only the piano is really good and the 'cello recording is so bad as to make the records impossible to listen to. However much anybody may want this trio, he has my earnest advice to wait until it is properly recorded. This is not a question of occasional faults, but of a series of outrageous noises. I really cannot recommend any of the snippets, tempting though it may be to order a movement from Schubert's octet or a minuet from Beethoven's septet. They are all badly recorded, though none of them commits a positive assault upon the ear like the 'cello in the Beethoven trio. There are a couple of good records of Klughardt for a wind quintet, if you like wind quintets; personally I hate them. Anybody who must have all of Beethoven he can collect will be glad of a snippet from the *Quartet in F*, Op. 95 elsewhere unobtainable, but, as I have said, the Polydor chamber music on the whole is a sad disappointment. I was impressed by the organ records of Walter Fischer and those who thirst for organ records will probably find these less unsatisfactory than any others. I was also impressed by the piano record of Michael Zadora of Brahms' *Intermezzo in B minor* and Field's *Fifth Nocturne*; but I was not at all impressed by Vasa Prihoda's record of Wieniawski's *Violin Concerto* and do not feel inclined to invest in any more Polydor violin records. The clarinet records of Dreisbach are praiseworthy.

With the Polydor vocal records I was thoroughly disappointed and their recording seems to me considerably inferior to our own. None of the Sigrid Onegin or Claire Dux records compares with the recording of these two singers by Brunswick or Edison, and of the records of Elizabeth van Ender, of which I chose several, none of the six songs she sings gave me any pleasure at all. She has a thin, dull voice. I seem to remember that one or two correspondents praised Irene Eden's singing of *The Queen of the Night* music. I cannot endorse this praise; it certainly isn't actually bad, but it is thoroughly dull. I have one Lotte Lehmann record from *Freischütz*, and this is very good. I have also a magnificent record of Scheidl singing Loewe's *Archibald Douglas*. I recommend this record to the attention of my correspondent who so greatly admires Mr. Norman Allin. Perhaps I have been unlucky in my choices but certainly the Polydor vocal records have not impressed me. Later on I shall go through our correspondents' recommendations and try again. Anyway, I feel perfectly clear in my own mind that so far as recording goes, the Germans have a great deal more to learn from us than we have to learn from the Germans, and I cannot help wishing that some of the great artists who appear exclusively

in the Polydor catalogue could be recorded over here. I suspect, however, that one explanation of the apparent inferiority of the German recording might be the fact that a good deal of this recording was done a long time ago. We know that a good deal of the Parlophone recording must have been done in Germany, and I can assure my readers that the Parlophone vocal recording is greatly superior to the Polydor, so far as I have been able to sample the Polydor singers. At the

same time it must be remembered that I have chosen a few records here and there and that I may have been exceptionally unlucky in my choices.

Perhaps I have not allowed sufficient time for the reaction to pass, but I could not postpone expressing my opinion any longer, and I have no doubt that plenty of indignant Polydorers will enter the lists to defend them.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.



CREDE EXPERTO

A Current Survey of Gramophone Progress

By OUR EXPERT COMMITTEE

I.—“Induction for deduction, with a view to construction.”—*Comte*

IT is fitting that in this first article we should give some account both of our present views and of the manner in which we propose to conduct our work as a committee. The Editor has already indicated the objects for which we are called together and has explained that month by month we hope to report upon gramophones and accessories and to deal generally with matters of practical interest to every gramophone user. To this we would add that our reports will be both descriptive and analytical in character and will be the honest expression of an opinion which will have been arrived at only after careful consideration and thorough discussion. We have no particular axe to grind and no special doctrine to assert. Our sole interest is in the improvement of recorded music. We have no ties, financial or otherwise, with the gramophone industry. In one sense this may be a handicap, since it deprives us of some experience which might save a good deal of time; as the Editor has said, there are no secrets so jealously guarded as those of the recording room. But, on the other hand, we believe that an independent judgment such as we shall be able to give, untrammelled by any trade considerations, will have its own peculiar value, both to the gramophone industry and to the public.

Naturally, each of us has his own personal views on most of the questions of the hour. But we recognise that those views are but the outcome of our individual experiences and are ready to reconsider them should the occasion arise. As Herbert Spencer has said, “It is for each to utter

that which he sincerely believes to be true, and adding his unit of influence to all other units, leave the results to work themselves out.” Where our views differ we shall endeavour to effect a reconciliation both by argument and experiment. For this purpose the Editor has placed a room and apparatus at our disposal and has offered to provide us, if necessary, with a suitably equipped gymnasium.

Our first conferences have largely been devoted to finding out on what points we are fully agreed and what must be left for future determination. Our musical tastes happen to be rather different. With one, vocal and operatic music has the greatest attraction; another finds his chief interest in orchestral and chamber music; a third has more eclectic tastes—and so on. Our past experience, too, has been on different lines, though each one of us, of course, has experimented extensively with needles, sound-boxes, tone-arms, horns, etc. Our views on some questions of design are by no means identical, though we find that, on the whole, there is a definite consensus of opinion among us. Such variation as there is serves to illustrate one of the most difficult features of gramophone technique. The number of variables is very large and within fairly wide limits it is true to say that comparative success can be obtained in innumerable ways. Conversely, a seemingly unimportant modification in one of the parts of a gramophone may have very far-reaching results. The variability of sound-boxes of the same pattern and the totally different effect which the same sound-

box may give on the same machine if the length of the goose-neck (if there is one) is altered or if the taper of the tone-arm is modified are illustrations in point.

This is not merely to say that gramophones are but an approximation to or a simulation of the real thing. Something more than that is implied. There are many approximations which are just as near to or just as far from the real thing and there are more ways than one of arriving at the same approximation. The traveller finds himself, as it were, in a forest in which there are many paths and turnings leading in the right direction. One can only judge which combination is likely to lead through the forest, if there is a way through, by mapping out and comparing the experience of all travellers.

There is one respect in which gramophone design during the past ten years or so has proceeded on lines which we cannot but regard as retrogressive. We refer to the gradual supersession of the machine with the decently-sized external horn by "cabinet" and "table" models with constricted "internal amplifiers." The external horn machines happen to be cheap and not very attractive in appearance, whilst cabinets can be made to suit any style of furniture. One ingenious but misguided person has even tried to combine a gramophone with a coal-scuttle! With some kinds of records such as instrumental solos, other than the piano, and string quartets, these cabinet and table models are reasonably efficient. With some vocal records, too, provided that there are not more than two voices, they may give pleasing results. But for the reproduction of pianos (including chamber music in which the piano occurs), orchestras, choirs and vocal records generally, the horn machine is really unsurpassed. Its all round efficiency is greater than that of any other type of machine on the market.

In giving this as our opinion we do not wish to imply that the horn of a gramophone should not be enclosed or that the general appearance is a matter of no importance. But we do positively assert that it is bad practice to design a cabinet and fit a gramophone into it rather than to design the gramophone and fit the cabinet round it. There are far too many machines on the market in which convenience, in the way of drawers, record storage, etc., has had the first consideration. We note with pleasure, however, that during the past two years or so the pendulum has begun to swing back again and that cabinet and table machines are now being offered to the public in which there has been some recognition of the importance of the amplifying system. We should like to see the movement go still further until it can be definitely said that the public has no use for a gramophone

in which the horn is less than two feet deep or less than eighteen inches across the mouth. The three great advantages which the external horn machine has at present are that it is cheap, that there is plenty of room to make the horn large and of proper shape, and that the sound emerges from it at such a height as to avoid the deadening effect of the other furniture in the room. This latter consideration is very often overlooked; but anyone who has a "horizontal grand" gramophone will soon convince himself of its importance if he will take the trouble to raise the machine about twelve inches from the floor either on blocks or on a platform. Incidentally, we understand that the Editor has found that he gets the best results from his Balmain machine when he places it across the top of one of his other gramophones.

We have not the space in this article to describe in detail all the other points upon which the committee are agreed. But in view of the prominence which has been given to the subject in these pages we feel we ought to say at once that we are all fully convinced of the importance of needle-track alignment in the matters of reproduction and life of records. But here we must introduce one qualification. There are a number of ways of designing a machine so as to have good alignment. Mr. Balmain's method is to make the sound-box and horn travel in a straight line across the record. For a swinging tone-arm, Mr. Wilson worked out the general formula in the issue of September, 1924. This formula can be applied in various ways, either to straight tone-arms or to goose-necks. But it should not be forgotten that the modification of a tone-arm so as to give good alignment may at the same time alter the tonal balance of the gramophone. An example has been given above in connexion with the lengthening of a goose-neck. One method of correcting alignment may improve the tone of a machine whilst another may have the opposite effect. At present it does not seem possible to say in advance which method will be best for any particular machine. This, of course, is only to say that alignment must not be treated in isolation and without reference to other features of gramophone design. We hope in due course to elucidate some of the points involved; but in the meantime we give it as our opinion that good alignment, as a principle of design, has been sufficiently established and that since it is possible to obtain good alignment and better tone at the same time, the design of a machine must be considered faulty if the error of alignment is more than two or three degrees.

We hope next month to start a series of reports upon existing gramophones. In view of the financial situation, we shall begin with machines costing not more than £15.



FINDING A BUBBLE ON A N.G.S. RECORD

ARMCHAIR PHONATICS

By P. WILSON

VI.—Record Wear (*continued*)

IN my last article I commented on the difficulty of obtaining a metal point fine enough to track on the bottom of the groove. There seems to be as much variation between the needles in one box as there is between those of different makes. I do not know whether the sale of steel needles has increased, but I am confident that their quality has deteriorated during the past twelve months. In boxes of standard makes I have found needles with flattened points, needles with points broken off, and needles with points turned up. The most consistently good points that I have found have been Petmeckys. I have not yet seen one wear into a chisel (N.B.—I never use them more than once; it isn't worth the risk). Unfortunately, I do not happen to like the Petmecky tone on an ordinary gramophone; it is too hard. On the Editor's Balmain, however, it is very much better. Of other steel needles, I find that the Euphonics and Sympathetic Chromics usually have good points. But there again I have a personal prejudice against very thin needles. On the whole, I believe that although they need careful sorting out, the popularity of needles of the H.M.V. medium or Columbia Ideal type has been well-deserved. There are two simple tests that can be applied. A needle which shows a bright patch at its tip should be rejected without hesitation. A good point cannot be seen at all. To test for a turned-up point dig it into your coat (the finer the material the better) and if there is any tendency for it to stick when you withdraw it reject the needle. Do not imagine that this test is useless because it rejects few needles. It only needs one turned-up point to ruin a record for ever, and the test is so easily applied that it soon becomes automatic.

The angle at which the needle is used affects wear in several ways. I have previously alluded to the impracticability of vertical tracking with a steel needle. You will see the reason if you hold a pencil vertically by the blunt end and draw the point across a surface even as smooth as a writing block. It moves in a series of little jerks. As soon as you incline the pencil slightly these disappear. As a rule, then, the needle is inclined to the face of the record at an angle of about 60° , though some manufacturers use an angle of 45° , principally, I suppose, with the idea of reducing surface noise. The smaller the angle the more likely it is that the needle will ride on the sides of the groove, and if the point does reach to the

bottom, the longer the length of needle (measured along its axis) which is contained within the groove. Thus with a groove of vertical angle 80° and of depth $\cdot 004$ of an inch, the length of needle enclosed will be $\cdot 0046$ of an inch at 60° and $\cdot 00565$ of an inch at 45° , whilst the angle of the groove at these inclinations will be 72° and $61\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ respectively. It follows that with the smaller needle angle a more finely tapered needle point is required. Now a finely tapered point has more tendency to bend and at the smaller angle the weight of the sound-box has more capacity to bend it. For this reason a fine needle may be dangerous if a weight on the record of more than about 3 ounces is used. Captain Barnett overcomes these objections by using specially hard needles and a light weight on the record. This he is enabled to do by virtue of the fact that the error of alignment of his instruments is not very substantial. I think there is one other difficulty, however, which he has not overcome, but this I must leave for the moment.

There are very serious objections to the use of a small needle angle if the needle does not reach to the bottom of the groove. The portion of a steel needle contained within the groove is not symmetrical about the vertical line through the point. The horizontal sections of the needle are ellipses and the vertical lies entirely outside them. The smaller the needle angle, the more elongated and the further from the vertical are these ellipses. The length of each ellipse (major axis) is 1.15 times its width (minor axis) for a needle angle of 60° and 1.4 for an angle of 45° . If the groove were circular the needle would ride with the ends of the minor axis of one of the ellipses always in contact with the walls. But with an irregular groove the places of contact are continually shifting. Since the diameter of each ellipse is not the same in every direction the needle has to lift up and down in the groove in order to accommodate its ellipse of contact to the width of the groove. The more elongated the ellipses the greater the up and down movement. Now observe. The needle is developing a chisel point and at the same time it is moving up and down in the groove. The up and down motion is greatest where the groove is most "corrugated" and that is usually at the inside of the record where the chisel is most completely formed. What an effective cutting tool!

P. WILSON.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COMING REVOLUTION ?

[Communicated]

IN August last an announcement was made in New York by Mr. P. L. Deutsch, vice-president of the Brunswick Balke-Collender Company, of the invention of a new form of sound-recording and reproducing apparatus which promises to have a notable influence upon the gramophone industry. The invention is the result of co-operation between the Brunswick Company, the General Electric Company, the Radio Corporation of America, and the Westinghouse Electric Company. It seems that the recording instrument has been named the "Pallotrope" and the reproducing instrument the "Panatrope," though some accounts give the names as "Pallatrome" and "Panatrome" respectively. The following particulars are extracted by permission from an article published in that wonderful trade journal, the *Talking-Machine World of America*.

The Pallotrope was originally developed by the General Electric Company to photograph sound, but it has been modified considerably for its use in recording sound-waves on discs.

The sound waves produced by the speaker, singer, or musical instrument are made to vibrate a light. The variations of the light are changed by the photo-electric cell into variations of electrical current. These are amplified by radio-valves until they are powerful enough to operate the engraving tool which cuts the sound wave pattern in the grooves of the gramophone disc.

After the new type of record is made in this way, it may be reproduced either by the needle vibrating a diaphragm, as in the present gramophone, or by the new sound-reproducing instrument which works as follows: An ordinary gramophone needle is used to take the vibration from the records, but instead of being communicated to a diaphragm the vibrations are transferred to an iron "reed" which is placed in the centre of an electrical coil. The vibrations of the iron reed in the electrical field cause fine variations of current. The faint current which is modulated in this manner is amplified by a series of valves and at the end it vibrates a disc, transforming the electrical current back into sound.

The grooves in the ordinary gramophone record are cut 88 to 100 to an inch, and a 12in. record runs for something under five minutes. So much greater delicacy is achieved in the Pallotrope records, according to Mr. Deutsch, that the grooves have been cut 500 to an inch, and 12in. records have been made to reproduce whole symphonies, the record lasting for about forty minutes. For commercial reasons, however, these will not be issued for some time to come. The first records, which will be issued in October, will have grooves of the ordinary width and will run four or five minutes. They are designed to be used either on existing gramophones or

on the "Panatrope." This new instrument will be ready for the market in October, and will cost from £40 upwards.

"By the use of valves," said Mr. Deutsch, "the volume from the instrument may be varied from that suitable to a small room to that necessary to fill an auditorium. In spite of the valve amplification equipment the cabinet for the "Panatrope" will be slightly smaller than the ordinary gramophone cabinet. It can be run either with batteries or by connection through the electrical socket. The cost of running it is very cheap, considerably less than that of running a small electric fan. The valves will last from three to five years.

"The disc record will be used at present, because we want to adapt the product to the use of the millions of gramophones now in existence, but the reproduction can be done by films, on which the sound waves are photographed. By this method the record can be made to play for any length of time.

"In order to reproduce the film records, the instrument must be equipped with the apparatus for sending a beam of light through the film to a photographic cell so as to turn the sound waves into electricity, after which the electrical waves are amplified by the valves. This apparatus, however, is not costly or cumbersome, and there is no reason why the device using the film records may not become an ordinary household musical instrument. In all developments of this kind, however, it is necessary to protect the owners of existing apparatus as fully as possible."

Mr. Deutsch said that experiments were being made to develop a permanent needle. Because of the use of the valves for amplification, the original vibrations from the record might be extremely faint, so that only the lightest possible contact was necessary between the needle and record, thus reducing the wear on the needle and the record to a minimum.

The records made by this process, which will be issued in October, include the intermezzo and prelude to the *Cavalleria Rusticana* by the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, conducted by Papi; Schubert's *Marche Militaire* on the piano, by Godowski; *Irish Lament* and *Serenade* by Arenski on the violin, by Piaastro; a soprano solo by Virginia Rea; Rimsky-Korsakov's *Hymn to the Sun*, by the Brunswick Salon Orchestra; *Ben Bolt* and *Robin Adair*, by Elizabeth Lennox; a harpsichord solo by Lewis Richards; *Unclouded Day*, by the Criterion Male Quartet; *Forge in the Forest* and *Anvil Chorus*, by Walter B. Rogers and his band; a piano duet by Ohman and Arden, and a number of pieces of dance music. This series was made as inclusive as possible to show the performance of the new instrument over a wide musical range.

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THE FORUM

The following articles are unsolicited contributions from readers, dealing with this or that aspect of the gramophone to which each has given thought. A selection from the MSS. received is published every month, and prizes are offered every quarter. Articles should not exceed 1,500 words, and should be typewritten or written very legibly on one side only of the paper. They should be sent to THE GRAMOPHONE, 58, Frith Street, London, W.1., marked "The Forum": and a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.



LANGUAGES ON THE GRAMOPHONE

By D. A. W.

APPRECIATION of singing should include an ardent enjoyment of the language used. Whether it takes the form of a national song or a modern opera, vocal music is only perfect when performed in its original language. It would be as musically accurate to leave out or change completely one of the instruments of a trio as to translate the words of a song or libretto from one language to another. The facilities of repetition provided by the gramophone render possible a familiarity with the purely physical beauty of all the principal European languages. After the continual repetition of French, Italian, Spanish, German and Russian records, the sound and distinctive pleasure of each tongue permeate the brain as completely as do the associated music and the voice of the singer. In this way an unusual but unmistakable intimacy is established with one of the most attractive essences of civilised existence.

Without understanding a word of Russian one becomes absolutely accustomed to the pronunciation and effect of this acutely emotional language. In H.M.V.'s Celebrity list the Russian tongue is at its clearest and most expressive with Dmitri Smirnoff. His beautiful tones pronounce it as one would be never likely to hear it otherwise, and he is the only singer whose Russian records can be repeated over and over again, as much for the actual sound of the words as for the music. He gives a many-syllabled Russian word as much expressiveness and importance as does any quality of harmony or orchestration. Play his record of *Daylight Slowly Fades* from *Prince Igor* or *Tsarevitch, I implore thee* from *Boris Godounov*, sung with Maria Davidoff, and then play the French rendering of *Pourquoi mon triste cœur* from *La Foire de Sorotchinski* and see what obvious element is lacking to perfect the tenor notes of Moussorgsky's score. Russian contains a rather painful but warm harshness of sound essential to the satisfactory performance of such music.

Spanish, thicker in speech and less attractive to the eye in writing than Italian, is no less beautiful in song. It has a solid individual quality and an accent that will sustain any emotional demands. The Mexican form of the Spanish tongue which has abolished the hard "th" and substituted the more seductive "c" may appear to foreign ears to be an improvement of the original, but the rougher pronunciation has an undoubted beauty of its own. There is room for the recording of considerably more Spanish singing. H.M.V. have done one or two Czech, Bohemian and Dutch records, the Central-European ones being of greater linguistic than musical interest. All of obvious German associations, they are languages that will attract and give pleasure to many who hear German with indifference or feel its great inferiority to Russian. In a Dutch serenade sung by Julia Culp to harp accompaniment, the smoothness and sensuous charm of the Dutch words recall that of Italian syllables. It is not the fault of the English language that it so often has an irritating

effect when recorded on the gramophone. Some of the finest English singers give to their vowels an accent that is nothing less than nauseating. Frederick Ranalow is one of the best exceptions. Throughout every record of the *Beggar's Opera* his pronunciation of Gay's verse is irreproachable, and stands out as a perfect example of educated English. It is also possible to hear the sound of Gaelic and Yiddish singing! Columbia has issued a large number of Hebrew records, but the Gaelic are few and far between.

The Italian accent remains supreme in absolute beauty. Stephano Donaudy's two songs, *O del mio amato ben* and *Luoghi sereni e cari*, recorded on one disc by McCormack (H.M.V.) are to be recommended for their comprehensive display of its merits.

* * *

Linguistic courses on the gramophone, whilst particularly useful to those possessed of a naturally good ear, are a possible method of instruction for all. The Linguaphone language records, which are obtainable by order from most dealers, consist of a French, Italian, Spanish and German course, each course being issued upon fifteen double-sided 10in. records and sold complete with text-books and case at £6. The theory followed is that words and phrases can be memorised and a good accent acquired by constant repetition of each lesson upon the gramophone. The courses are complete in themselves, the three text-books supplied containing additional grammar lessons and exercises, and the varied subjects of the thirty recorded lessons being similar to all those usually used in the instruction of any language. H.M.V. have issued a set of six Russian teaching records upon 10in. discs at 3s. each, in which seventeen chapters have been selected from Forbes' "First Russian Book" and spoken in such manner as to enable anyone following with the book to acquire some knowledge of the pronunciation, the rules of grammar, and a few elementary subjects of speech. From this course, small and reduced as it is, one can become familiar with the chief tendencies of the Russian language, and learn as much as would be learnt from any teacher during the preliminary dozen or score of lessons. After this it is possible to pass on to Hugo's Self-Taught method from which the difficulty of accurate pronunciation will have been partially removed. The success of a beginner with the Linguaphone method is considerably, though in no way critically, affected by his experience of other languages. A knowledge of French will ease the learning of Italian or Spanish, whilst someone fairly conversant with Italian will find the acquisition of Spanish almost exciting in its simplicity, and *vice versa*. German bears a slight resemblance to English, but, in common with Russian, it requires the application of greater brain power than do any of the three Mediterranean tongues.

D. A. W.

A WORKING MAN'S CHOICE OF RECORDS

By LEONARD F. EMMS

MILITARY band records form the base of my little collection of gramophone records. Why? you ask, possibly with a superior smile. Well, in the first instance you can be fairly sure of a finished performance, whether it be an overture, a march, selections from opera or musical comedy, or a descriptive piece. Secondly, in the diversity of music recorded by military bands all tastes appear to be catered for. My third point is the question of cost, and I contend that you get good value for your outlay. Also, and, perhaps best reason of all, I thoroughly enjoy them. A march invariably commences my programme. It enlivens both you and your friends. Those of us who have done a bit of route marching know the value of good tunes such as *Colonel Bogey*, *Old Comrades*, *Preciosa* and other old favourite marches. Then you can give an overture such as *Poet and Peasant* (Col. 1785, 10in., 3s.), H.M. Scots Guards, *Die Felsenmuehle* (*The Mill on the Hill*) (Winner 3558, 10in., 2s. 6d.), H.M. Scots Guards, *Italiana in Algéri* (H.M.V. 862, 12in., 4s. 6d.), H.M. Coldstream Guards, or *Tannhäuser* (Voc. K.05050, 12in., 4s. 6d.), H.M. Life Guards. These records can be well recommended, as they are very finely played and recorded. Next can follow selections from either opera or musical comedy, and two jolly ones are *The Belle of New York* (H.M.V. 915, 12in., 4s. 6d.), Coldstreams, and *The Beggar's Opera* (Col. 927, 12in., 4s. 6d.), Grenadiers. The latter received very high commendation from our esteemed Editor (p. 49, Vol. I.). When playing selections, what pleasure they give and what delightful visions are conjured up, when you have seen the production itself, perhaps years before. Also there are good things such as the *Suites for Military Band* by Holst, *Ballet Egyptien*, and *Faust Ballet*, all of which have been fully dealt with in previous

numbers of this review. There is also the suite, *Mediterranean Life* (Battishill) (H.M.V. C.1119, 12in., 4s. 6d.), Coldstreams, a record well worth acquiring. Then what do you want better than the *Folk Song Suite* (Vaughan-Williams) as played by H.M. Life Guards on Voc. K.05086? The second side of this fine record shows that we admirers of military bands do not always want the blare of trombones or the clash of cymbals to colour our music, but can appreciate a lovely melody, such as the old song *Green Bushes*, played so sweetly on the "reeds." For a finale I usually put on the reverse side of the first record I played, as a march rounds off the performance as well as anything else. I find a programme on above lines generally pleases any friends who may be listening to it. You can always vary the items played, according to your collection of records. If I think my audience is getting satiated, I offer to play other classes of records, but nearly always get the "tip" to "carry on."

After the foregoing remarks do not think I am hidebound in respect to military band music, because I enjoy songs, dance, orchestral and other instrumental records, but I do maintain that the individual commencing to build up a good collection of records cannot go far wrong with a careful choice of military band recordings. More especially does this apply to people who, like myself, learnt but very little music when young (only Tonic Sol-fa in an elementary school). Just glance for a moment at the catalogues issued by the leading makers and see what a wealth of melody there is to choose from, and then visualise the splendid bands whose names appear therein, and I think you will admit that an "unlettered" working man need not apologise for his taste in recorded music.



ON PROGRAMMES

By Dr. FRANCIS H. MEAD

IN my lists sent in last year I remarked how wonderfully the publication of records had developed. 1924-5 has given us an even larger supply of works which it is a great privilege to add to one's collection, and the end happily is not yet. The twelve programmes played during the first six months of 1925, it will be observed, have (with one exception) each one Symphony, and the "season" is closed for the first time with a number of very desirable pieces it has been impossible to find room for.

1. *Symphony No. 39, in E flat major*, Mozart, 1756-91. (Columbia). *Quartet in C minor, Op. 51. No. 1*. Brahms, 1806-72. (H.M.V.). *Suite in B minor for flute and strings*, Bach, 1685-1750. (Columbia).

2. *Symphony in D minor*, César Franck, 1822-90. (Columbia). *Quartet in D minor*, Tchaikovsky, 1840-93. (H.M.V.). *Song Cycle, To Julia* (Herrick), Quilter. (Columbia). *Three Bavarian Dances*, Elgar, 1857-. (H.M.V.)

3. *Symphony in G minor*, Mozart. (Vocalion). *Quartet in D major, Op. 76*, Haydn, 1732-1809. (Columbia). *Feldein-*

samkeit (Brahms), *Der Musensohn* (Schubert), *Morgen* (R. Strauss), Elena Gerhardt. (Vocalion). *Sonata in C minor, Op. 45*, Grieg, 1843-1917. (Vocalion).

4. *Overture in D major*, Handel, 1685-79. (H.M.V.). *The Golden Sonata*, Purcell, 1658-95. (H.M.V.). *Symphony No. 9 in D minor*, Beethoven, 1770-1827. (Parlophone, supplemented by 2 Polydor records.)

5. *Symphony No. 1 in C minor*, Brahms. (Columbia). *Sapphische Ode* (Brahms), *Traum durch die Dämmerung* (R. Strauss), *Spinnerliedchen* (Riemann), Schumann-Heink. (Victor). *Quartet in C sharp minor, Op. 131*, Beethoven. (Columbia).

6. *Symphony No. 8, in F major, Op. 83*, Beethoven. (Columbia). *Concerto in A major, K.219*, Mozart. (Columbia). *Fantasia for strings*, W. Byrd, 1542-1623. (H.M.V.). *The Golden Sonata*, Henry Purcell. (Repeated by request.) (H.M.V.). *Overture, In the South*, Elgar. (H.M.V.). *Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral* (Belloc), Liza Lehmann. (Columbia).

7. *Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 73*, Brahms. (H.M.V.). *Concerto in E minor, Op. 64*, Mendelssohn, 1809-47. (Parlophone). *Come beloved* (Handel), *Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me* (Handel), *Angels ever bright and fair* (Handel), *L'heure exquise* (Hahn), *Two folk songs of Little Russia*, Alma Gluck. (Victor). *Le Coq d'or Suite*, Rimsky-Korsakov, 1844-1908. (H.M.V.).

8. *Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64*, Tchaikovsky. (H.M.V.). *Quartet in E minor*, Smetana, 1824-84. (Columbia). *Symphonic Poem, Scheherazade*, Rimsky-Korsakov. (Parlophone).

9. *Symphony in G major, No. 16, "Oxford,"* Haydn. (Vocalion). *Trio in A minor, Op. 114*, Brahms. (Columbia). *Quartet in C major* (K-465), Mozart. (Columbia). *Symphonic Poem, Francesca da Rimini*, Tchaikovsky. (H.M.V.).

10. Songs:—*Overture, The Pierrot of the minute*, Granville-Bantock. (Columbia). *Go lovely rose* (Quilter); *I pitch my lonely caravan at night* (Coates); *Here in the quiet hills* (Carus), Hubert Eisdell. (Columbia). *Four Elizabethan love songs*, Sarah Fischer. (H.M.V.). *The old shepherd's song* (Fisher); *The wayfarer's night song*; *The crown of the year* (Easthope

Martin); *Tom o' Malmesbury* (Grant); *If I were* (Richards), Harry Dearth. (H.M.V.). *The Bailiff's daughter of Islington*; *Cherry ripe* (Horne), Kathleen Destournel. (Vocalion). *Five Australian bush songs* (James), Peter Dawson. (H.M.V.). *Where go the boats* (Peel); *The fuschia tree* (Quilter); *Green hills o' Somerset* (Coates); *Phyllis was a faire maide*, Carmen Hill. (H.M.V.). *Richard o' Taunton Deane*, Widdicombe fair, Tavrystock goozey fair, *Vly be on the turmuts*, *Ould John Braddlem*, Charles Tree. (H.M.V.). *Massa's in de cold ground* (Foster); *Click clack*, *De ole banjo*, *Good night* (Scott Gatty). The Minster Singers. (H.M.V.).

11. *Symphony in D minor*, César Franck (repeated by request). (Columbia). *Quartet in G minor, Op. 10*, Debussy. (N.G.S.). *Bergère légère* (18th century); *L'adieu du matin* (Pessard), *Sonnet matinale* (Massenet); *Il neige* (Bemberg); *Chanson Lorraine* (arr. Arcadet), Edmond Clement. (Victor). *Variations Symphoniques*, César Franck. (H.M.V.). *Le chasseur maudit*, César Franck. (Columbia).

12. *Symphony No. 4, in B flat, Op. 60*, Beethoven. (Polydor). *Sextet for strings, Verklärte Nacht*, Schönberg. 1874-. (N.G.S.). *Song Cycle, In a Persian Garden*, Liza Lehmann, 1862-1918. (H.M.V.).



THE CONVERT

By MARY M. G. TROTMAN

AS we sauntered slowly along the shadier side of Regent Street I thought, somewhat longingly let it be confessed, of chairs beneath the trees in Kensington Gardens. Dennis walked slightly ahead of us, handsome sulky Dennis, taking no heed of the surroundings, for such is his way when carefully laid plans have been ruthlessly ignored.

We had lingered long over lunch at our table in the window, speaking but seldom and idly watching the eternal movement of the world in Piccadilly, a livid, overheated world, cruelly tortured by the burning glory of early June. It was Pauline who broke an unusually long silence by announcing our destination in the slow and unconcerned way which is so peculiarly her own. Dennis McArthur glanced at me for support, and his mouth drooped ever so little. Had he not whispered of a charming afternoon on the river? Basely I took refuge in silence, knowing Pauline too well to argue, and in any case I realised that we should ultimately get the worst of it. A river picnic, though a delightful prospect to Dennis and myself, would include the inevitable "Decca," and Pauline simply hated gramophones with all her heart and soul. Moreover, she had made her decision. We might do exactly as we pleased—so we were informed—but then, so would she, and disaster would surely descend upon us.

Thus it came about that some time later we were enveloped in the dim quietness and peace of Queen's Hall and I realised that Pauline had, as usual, yielded to a delightful impulse. Airless it would certainly have been in any place, but where else should we have overlooked the discomfort? With his magic touch, Petrona, the great pianist, banished from our minds the hundred tantalising things of life, and carried us to a far country of wonderful illusions. Through the calm fields of Bach, by the rippling streams of Debussy, and in the mystic groves of Chopin we wandered hand in hand with the spirit of forgetfulness.

At one time I could not understand why Pauline, who loves music with such constant intensity, never attempts to play herself. It seemed just a strange thing about her until she

explained that to her music was far, far too beautiful to be ruined by wretched stumblings, and perhaps she is right; for in such a way she lives for an ideal. How many people, one wonders, have for ever turned from all things musical merely because at some ill-fated time they have been victimised by a well-meaning but maddening person who plays "just a little"?

Towards the end of the afternoon Petrona gave an encore. In reality he played several, but it was this particular one which led to the subsequent and amazing events. It came after a Liszt Rhapsody, a weird, tired little tune it was which haunted those who heard it. Slow and soft and altogether lovely, it brought triumph unpassed to Petrona that June afternoon. Pauline longed so greatly to hear it once again, and sorrowful she felt that this was the last recital the pianist would give until his return from Spain which would not be for many long months. I asked some one or other the title meaning to give her a copy, but she only reminded me that such a gift was useless.

With his faintly mocking laugh, Dennis McArthur made a rash suggestion.

"Why not buy a gramophone, Pauline?"

"A gramophone!" Pauline's eyes were reproachful, and we turned with scorn from the tempter.

Some weeks later I made my way to Kensington, and mounted innumerable stairs which lead to an attractive little flat. As I entered I was greeted by a haunting, tired little tune. Pauline laughed delightedly at my amazement, and removing the shining disc held it before me just to show, she explained, that it was Petrona, although, as she added, there was really no need for proof.

I teased her concerning her fickleness, but she held the tune responsible for inconstancy to an old hatred.

The pile of records grows steadily, and many pleasant evenings have we spent in the realms of tireless music, thanks to Pauline's gramophone which is now one of her dearest possessions.

A GRAMOPHONE IN JAMAICA

SOME two years ago a friend lent me the first number of THE GRAMOPHONE, and I have read every issue since with the greatest delight. I had not heard a gramophone for fifteen years, and your paper induced me to start again. I imported a cabinet machine from England, and have since obtained many of the records recommended by the Editor and his experts.

I was very keen on the gramophone in the early days when Tamagno, Caruso, Scotti and Melba were the stars. In 1907, through the assistance of the London manager of the Company, now known as the H.M.V., who kindly marked a catalogue to show the finest records in the different classes, I was so fortunate as to obtain the Caruso-Scotti duet, *In solenne* and Battistini's *Eri tu*, which I still consider among the finest vocal records obtainable. My machines were of the "Monarch Senior" type, with the brass convolvulus horn, and I obtained results that gave me great pleasure and satisfaction.

The price charged for good records in Jamaica was then very high: 25s. for a Melba, 24s. for Tamagno, and so on: but it was possible to obtain these records through the ordinary commission houses in London at wholesale prices whereby the cost in Jamaica, including duty, was cut in half.

Then the Octopus obtruded a tentacle and it was decided that Jamaica, a British colony, was under the territorial mandate of the Victor Company of U.S.A., and it became impossible to obtain the English records. Rather than submit to the enforced purchase of American records sold at extortionate prices which gave the local agent 100 per cent. profit on a cash-with-order transaction, my gramophone was given up and the machine and 150 records were "swapped" for five cows with a planter who had musical aspirations. Incidentally this exchange launched me on a new career, but that is another story.

Through the efficient services of one of your regular advertisers I am now able to obtain any English records I desire, at current prices, carefully and securely packed, post free to Jamaica. It may interest the packers of your Society's chamber music records to learn that I have never had a single record damaged in the post to Jamaica. In ordering my new records I included several of the old favourites of 1907. It was, however, rather disappointing to find them not so good as they used to be. Battistini and chorus blasted badly, Melba and Kubelik were painfully muddy. The modern records, however, were a revelation, and the introduction to symphonies, concertos, chamber music, Galli-Curci, Chaliapin, Heifetz and Wagnerian operas opened up a new world of music to an exile in a West Indian Island who for 25 years had been cut off from all contact with music at home.

Mr. Balmain's article, reinforced by the experiments of a friend in Jamaica, inspired me to try the big cardboard horn, and the results have been so overwhelming that I offer some details of my own experiment. The strawboard horn was made up to an angle of 18° with an abundance of flour-paste. The thickness was made greatest at the small end ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.) and gradually reduced until at the mouth it is of double strawboard only. The length of the horn is 64 in. and the mouth 20 in. in diameter. Several coats of a mahogany "lac" varnish were given inside and out, and finally two quarts of the varnish were poured into the trumpet, in suitable instalments, and spread over the interior surface by rolling on a table. The mouthpiece was made of a right-angled reducer-bend of ordinary galvanised piping, filed down at the end and slotted to take the sound-box. This is an admirable fitment, being tapered and strongly resonant.

The trumpet when complete weighed 10 pounds. A support was then constructed as follows:—

A length of cast-iron 3 in. pipe was cut off at 13 in. and,

after being plugged securely with an iron plug screwed down internally on to an asbestos and copper gasket, was screwed externally into an ordinary 3 in. pipe-flange. Holes were bored in the flange to take screws. The pipe was then screwed on to a block of very heavy wood balsam of tolu (*Myroxylon Toluifera*), 1 ft. square and about 4 in. thick. Next a 9 in. cylinder of "Balsa wood" (*Ochroma lagopus*, Sw), a very light wood which grows in Jamaica, and is nearly as light as cork while fairly strong—was turned in a lathe so as to leave $\frac{1}{4}$ in. play all round when placed in the pipe. In the axis of this cylinder was fixed a steel rod of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. diameter, which supports on its upper end an aluminium bracket with a spread of 13 in. and vertical arms of 8 in. in height slotted to receive the supporting bolts of Mr. Balmain's trumpet.

To steady the float two iron straps superimposed at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart are fastened by thumb screws to the top of the pipe. A central hole in each strap allows free motion for the steel rod supporting the trumpet. Four pounds of mercury from the laboratory sufficed to float the horn with an inch to spare from the bottom of the pipe. After trying the "No. 2" and two other sound-boxes, the "Bros" proved to be the most satisfactory reproducer for the new machine. At first the trumpet was tilted so as to operate over the edge of the cabinet machine, but it was found that a more level position was desirable for the best results. Accordingly an old mahogany cellaret on four legs was fitted to take the motor and turntable of the cabinet machine. This is fitted flush with the edge of the mahogany box and enables the trumpet to operate with great freedom and a most delicate balance.

The "Wilson-Protractor" showed that an overhang of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. of needle to spindle gave an alignment within 4° at all points. The wooden block supporting the trumpet has now been fitted with two iron straps in which slide long pieces of wood 2 in. wide which are fastened to the legs of the cellaret and can be adjusted rigidly to any length required to secure alignment by thumb screws working through the iron straps fitted to the wooden block.

The results obtained from this machine have amazed me. Battistini and Co. do not blast. They are vastly better than even eighteen years ago on the old "Monarch Senior" with its wide brass trumpet. Even the divine Melba emerges triumphant from the scratchy waves "made in Germany" and "in Oktober 1904" as confessed by the candid label. The power, definition, clarity, and absence of "gramophony tone" place this apparatus in another class altogether to the commercial gramophones I have recently heard. Holst's *Planets* sounded like new and very superior recordings, so clearly and definitely did instruments emerge which were before confused and blurred. Perhaps the most amazing result was *Siegfried's Funeral March* (H.M.V.).

Lener Quartets, even when played with a fibre needle, are immensely improved in definition, clarity and power as compared with the cabinet machine, while a Trumpeter needle used short up in the "Bros" sound-box gives startling results with many orchestral records that had previously been disappointing when played with the commercial instrument.

The reinforcement of the bass in orchestral records (opening of *Unfinished Symphony*, for example) and of the 'cello in string quartets is remarkable. The "pig-killing" editorially regretted in the first Lener record becomes a thrilling 'cello note with real "catguts" when played through the big trumpet. Would there were more of this vim in some of the recent Lener records which have evidently been toned down to suit the inefficient reproducers of the modern commercial machines.

Despite its great weight, the big trumpet is so balanced that I can rely on playing ten sides of chamber music with an ordinary fibre point (undoped). I am now awaiting the arrival of the large "Collaro" motor to complete my equipment.

For a few pounds only I shall then, with the assistance and inspiration of your paper, have provided myself with a magnificent reproducer of good records. This has already added greatly to my pleasures in life. Incidentally, I might add that there is now for sale in Jamaica, cheap, a splendid English mahogany cabinet gramophone.

In wishing success to THE GRAMOPHONE I have to thank you, Sir, for having enabled me to hear and appreciate good music. There must be many exiles like myself to whom a good gramophone and good records of good music would be a boon indeed if they only knew how to secure it.

"ISLE OF STREAMS."



COLUMBIA RECORDS OF "OTELLO"

By T. E. READ

THE Columbia Company are certainly to be congratulated on issuing so many records of Verdi's greatest work, sung by the first and only English Otello—Frank Mullings. As has already been said in a back number of THE GRAMOPHONE, people are too apt to ignore the fact that the Columbia Company have a good operatic selection, and though the H.M.V. Company have a larger one and have the world's greatest artists to record for them, Frank Mullings's *Otello* records are worthy to be brought to the notice of every gramophone enthusiast.

I still wait for an *Esultate* by Mullings, but this being absent the first record is *Stilled by the gathering darkness* (Act 1)* (*Gia nella notte*). I write without the catalogue, so I do not know the number. This is the duet of Otello and Desdemona which ends the first act, and is sung by Mullings and Miriam Licette. The record was made shortly after Mullings's illness about a year ago, and his voice sounds tired and throaty; Licette's tone is excellent, but her tremolo might worry some. It is coupled with *Could I but die now* (*Vengea la morte*), which is the continuation of the duet, sung by the same artists. The record, as all New Process records, is superb. Early in Act 2 comes Iago's famous creed: *Credo in un Dio crudel* (*Cruel is he*), which is sung with great power and dramatic force by Cesare Formichi, an artist not unlike Titta Ruffo, with all that singer's richness of tone and power, but happily without the incapability of singing soft. The record is a light blue one instead of a brown one, which guarantees the recording. I have heard many *Credos* and consider this rendering second only to Amato's on H.M.V. It is coupled with the *Te Deum* from *Tosca*, which I have not heard. Another excellent rendering is that of George Baklanoff whose interpretation is perhaps cleverer than Formichi's, but his tone is not so pleasing. Baklanoff is an artist with a very excellent conception of the part, and his phrasing is very suitable. This has an excellent reverse in *Era la notte*, which will be discussed in its place.

Ramon Blanchart is not well suited to the part of Iago; he is a light baritone with a singularly colourless voice. I quite like his interpretation, which is peculiarly dramatic for Blanchart, but his phrasing leaves much to be desired. His voice is altogether too thin to portray the utter brutality of Iago. It is coupled with *Il Balen* from *Trovatore*, which, though I have not heard it, must suit Blanchart's voice much better.

Next we come to Otello's spirited and martial aria, *Ora e per sempre addio* (*Now and forever farewell*), which begins with the recitative, *Tu? indietro! fuggi!* (*Thou? Awaunt thee!*), in which the singing of Mullings is quite beyond reproach; he is in his element in declamatory arias of this type, and this is his best record as well as the best record of the aria; it quite puts De Muro's (the next best) in the shade. This is unfortunately coupled with *Celeste Aida*, abominably sung by the same artist.

Now we come to the finale of Act 2, the great oath scene beginning with *Era la notte* (*I lay with Cassio*)*. Baklanoff

sings very softly and with capital characterisation; he almost makes one shudder, and one knows instinctively, even on a record, that it is not true.

Harold Williams sings it one side of his duet with Mullings, but is most uninteresting, and I care neither for his tone nor for his accent; but Mullings makes up for these deficiencies, especially in the famous *Witness yonder marble heaven** (*Si pel ciel marmoreo*), which is on the reverse, in which his ringing tones and dramatic intensity are rather reminiscent of the first Otello—Francesco Tamagno, who, unfortunately, was not able to record on New Process Columbia! This ends the second act.

In Act 3 we have Otello's monologue, *God, had it pleased Thee* (*Dio mi potevi*), again marvellously sung by Mullings, who by beginning softly and gradually working up to fortissimo on a ringing B flat makes a fine effect. Play Paoli's *Dio mi potevi* after this one, and you will realise what an artist Mullings is. This record is coupled with *Do not fear me* (*Niun mi tema*), which is the death of Otello. I do not greatly care for Mullings in this; he sings far too loud, and one does fear him; plenty of power, but it is not necessary here; it certainly is very dramatic, but there are better "deaths" on H.M.V. I have nothing to say in favour of the example by Giovanni Zenatello, with which, I think, is coupled *Vesti la Giubba*. The tone is thin and forced, and Zenatello sings with prolonged effort even before he stabs himself (Zenatello apparently thinks Otello strangled himself), and there is no vocal colouring, and very little dramatic intensity. Anyway, one is glad when the end comes. When one thinks of Zenatello's fine excerpts from *Aida*, one wonders why he did not make a better *Niun mi tema*, and one is very disappointed.

N.B.—An asterisk after the English title denotes that Mullings's rendering was recorded after January, 1924.

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THE RECORDINGS OF THE FIFTH SYMPHONY

By J. A. VEAL

[The following contribution from one of our readers may not inappropriately follow the Editor's article of last month, with which it affords an interesting comparison in appreciation.]

THE writer and a fellow enthusiast recently had the opportunity of comparing the three existing recordings of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, as interpreted by the late Arthur Nikisch (H.M.V. No. 2 Catalogue D.90-89-91-92), Sir Landon Ronald (H.M.V. D.665-6-7-8), and Dr. F. S. Weissmann (Parlo. E.10284-5-6-7) respectively. It is hoped that the opinions arrived at may be of interest and service to readers of THE GRAMOPHONE. The three versions were played through in whole or in part several times, and finally they were played through movement by movement in order. The machine was a No. 22A New Columbia Grafonola, and doped fibres were used.

Comparing the three interpretations generally, we find that Nikisch makes the symphony more poetical or romantic (unkind people would say sentimental) than Landon Ronald. Whereas Ronald appears to be endeavouring to interpret the score as it stands, Nikisch tends to meander and sentimentalise by the way. Weissmann's interpretation is neither so romantic as that of Nikisch nor so straightforward as Ronald's. He sentimentalises the slow movement, but takes the finale faster than Ronald does. His speed in the finale robs that movement of all nobility.

The Ronald and Weissmann records have greater volume, but within his narrower limits Nikisch has contrived to secure a considerable range of dynamic effect. Some of his pianissimos were almost inaudible, but the fortissimos are often fine. The other versions have the advantage of later and better recording. Comparing the two later recordings, we found that in the Ronald version the work for wood-wind is better, clearer, and more brilliant than in the Parlophone records. The flute and bassoon passages in particular are, in this version, very good. On the other hand, the Parlophone string tone is superior to the H.M.V., and so is the piccolo in the finale. The chief defect of the Parlophone version is in the wood-wind; the horns are woolly and the bassoon unnatural. As the work for horns and bassoons is so important in this symphony, this failure constitutes a distinct blot on the Parlophone achievement. The little oboe cadenza in the first movement is much better done in the two German interpretations. In the Ronald records it is hurried and insignificant.

First Movement.—In this movement the repeat is only observed by Ronald. One wonders why; there was room for it on both the other records. While the later versions are generally more brilliant, certain effects in the Nikisch version are very good, e.g., the fluttering string pianissimos, and the oboe cadenza—marked adagio, and so played in the Nikisch and Weissmann records.

Second Movement.—The Nikisch Andante lacks definition and power, and the pizzicatos for the lower strings are too faint. The Weissmann version does not share these defects, but, like the Nikisch, it is over-romantic for our taste. We consider the Ronald version of this movement the best. Ronald is the only interpreter who attempts to observe the *pìu moto* at bar 205.

Scherzo and Finale.—Both the Ronald and Weissmann have their excellences in these movements. The Parlophone string tone is markedly good, and the piccolo comes out well at show places in the finale (e.g., immediately before the *sempre più allegro*). The Parlophone records again fail in the horns (e.g., the entry of the horns at bar 20 of the Scherzo

is woolly and lifeless). The Parlophone speed in the allegro section of the fourth movement seems to us excessive, and the recording here seems too blatant and brassy. Ronald takes the allegro section at a more reasonable speed, and the balance is certainly better. The string tone is not so good as the Parlophone, and the piccolo does not come through.

Neither of the existing versions of this symphony is first-rate. If one could combine the excellence of the Parlophone strings with the H.M.V. wood-wind, we should have a very good version. All three versions fail to some extent in the fourth movement, especially with the piccolo, drums, and lower strings. On the whole the Landon Ronald version is the best, though the Parlophone records have sufficient to recommend them to those who wish to save eight shillings.

* * *

Postscript

Since the above was written, the Columbia Company has issued a version of the *Fifth Symphony*, and by the kindness of the Editor I have been able to hear this. Weingartner has a reputation as an exponent of classical symphonies, but I find these records disappointing. The interpretation of the first two movements is dull. The Columbia surface is so good, that there should be no difficulty about securing pianissimo effects unswamped by surface noise. Unfortunately, there are no pianissimos whatever. Or, if the softest parts are to be regarded as pianissimos, then there are no fortissimos, except in the finale where the brass lends a hand. Weingartner's range of dynamic contrast is small, and I do not think Beethoven intended to achieve these drawing-room effects in the first two movements of this most "heroic" of symphonies.

First Movement.—The long crescendos at bar 83 and elsewhere are insufficiently worked up, and the fortissimo entry of clarinets and horns at bar 125 is not powerful enough. The string tone is not good, judged by previous Columbia standards, and at places the intonation seemed faulty (e.g., at bar 21). Certainly the string tone throughout is definitely inferior to the Parlophone. The statement of the motto theme at bars 228 and 241 is marked to be played *ff.*, in strong contrast to the preceding *pp.* chords for strings and wood-wind alternately. The treatment of these motto passages is very half-hearted. On the other hand, the oboe cadenza is beautifully played, and the drum is audible.

Second Movement.—The alternate forte-piano effects at bars 19-22 are insufficiently emphasised, and the unison passage for wood-wind and strings at the end of the first side is poor. This passage should surely be played forte.

The Scherzo and Finale are better than the first two movements. The drum and piccolo can be heard. On the other hand, the bass strings are still weak, and when the full orchestra is going above them they are inaudible. Ought not the 'cellos and basses to be multiplied by two for orchestral recording purposes?

In one or two respects (piccolo and drum) this recording is superior to that of the H.M.V. (Ronald) version made about two years ago, but I still regard the Ronald version as the best value for money with the Parlophone a good second.

J. A. V.

MARRIED TO A GRAMOPHILE

By SCRUTATRESS

I SEE from time to time that various writers in THE GRAMOPHONE get very much concerned as to the whereabouts of the ladies in matters gramophonic. May I, as one who is married to a gramophile, attempt to enlighten them?

We should probably not be so antagonistic if our hubbies showed a little common sense, but "gramomania" is a dreadful disease, possessed with home-shattering possibilities of a terrible kind. It is all very well for the men writers to poke fun at our attitude to the gramophone, but if they possessed the power (so greatly desired by Bobbie Burns when he saw a louse on the bonnet of a stylishly-dressed lady in church) of seeing themselves as others see them, they would better understand our point of view.

When the gramophonic husband comes down for breakfast on the morning of Whitsuntide Bank Holiday (which unfortunately this year fell on the first day of the month), and after gazing all round the room, growls "Hasn't THE GRAMOPHONE come?" and on receiving an answer in the negative, promptly assumes a gloomy and morose attitude—is not our antagonism justified? We dread a disease which would cause our temperatures to rise and fall, thus robbing us of our naturally sweet and amiable temperaments.

When we know that they are continually buying records on the quiet, and surreptitiously smuggling them into the house, and after keeping them up their sleeves for a week or two (metaphorically, of course, their sleeves not being like Oxford trousers) they bravely and manfully put them on the turntable; when on enquiring as to whether that is not another new record, they very ambiguously reply "Oh! I've had that some time" (note the particular ambiguity of the time period, which may mean no more than five minutes if the temptation to try the new record is more than they can

withstand); when we see them poring over the record catalogues and bulletins without end; when they insist on playing the old "musical box" after the children are put to bed; when on walking into the room they are discovered waving an imaginary baton in front of the gramophone, pretending to be the lady who conducts the pier orchestra, or Sir Henry Wood himself; when they sit lost to the world deeply engrossed in the current issue of THE GRAMOPHONE instead of listening to our charming prattle; when they get violent indigestion through poring over the latest edition of THE GRAMOPHONE at breakfast time; when they can't sleep properly at night for weeks because the editor of THE GRAMOPHONE is visiting Liverpool; and finally, when they completely lose their heads because the aforesaid editor accepts for publication some absolute drivel they have written, causing them to adopt an attitude of idiotic superiority over their fellow men and women—are we not justified in displaying antagonism or at least indifference to these "affairs of State?"

After all, listening to a gramophone is so futile to a woman. We can coax a new dress out of our gramophonic husbands when they take us to hear Galli-Curci, even though it only turns out eventually to be an excuse for the mysterious appearance of a pile of new records. But there is so little money left for feminine weaknesses, when the records, sound-boxes, needles of all sorts and sizes, and heaps of other things they call "gadgets" are paid for.

But still, things might be worse; the complaint keeps them at home, and we know where they are, at any rate; and not one of us would deprive our hubbies of their innocent pleasures and childish foibles.

And now I've finished my tale of woe, let me make one last confession. I bought my husband two pounds' worth of records for his birthday. Wasn't I a fool?



AN IDEAL ALLIANCE, OR LOOKING AHEAD

By T. BENJAMIN SMITH

B Y some it may be considered a fantastic assertion, but careful thought will convince that there is a no more natural or desirable alliance possible than that between radio and the gramophone. Nowhere else could ideals be found which are nearer akin. Two great armies of enthusiasts are following parallel paths which must eventually converge.

Radio and the gramophone have limitations which reciprocally cancel each other. On the radio side is the programme "as supplied"; from the individual standpoint "good in parts." It is there to be taken or left. Items there may be which one would dearly love to "encore" repeatedly, but no, the nature of radio imposes its limit. The melody pleases, but, only having been heard once, before long it will have flown and will probably never again form part of a programme to which one will be listening, or, at the best, the pleasure of hearing it again will be deferred indefinitely.

This is the sacrifice which radio, catering for teeming millions, has to make to spontaneity and variety. Individual taste, thus sacrificed to the plethoric inclinations of the mass, can be fully gratified by means of the gramophone which the superlatively enlightened reader is in no danger of confusing with the tinny imperfection which will soon be but a mere

curio of early endeavour. The modern instrument compares with the gramophone of the past as our telephones compare with the instruments of Reis and Bell, and the Fleming valve with the oscillator of Hertz and the coherer of Marconi.

The "as supplied" of the radio programme becomes the "as chosen" of the gramophone entertainment. With the gramophone, by careful selective judgment, a faultless programme of good music can be assured which is always ready to hand. The infrequency of particular radio items can thus be counterbalanced.

That joy in life which is based on the appreciation of good music undoubtedly owes much to the "encores" to which the gramophone can readily respond. Who has not felt the thrill at the opera when selections are again heard of which one possesses gramophone records?

There is no reason why, thanks to a few simple developments, every radio "fan" should not become a gramophonist and every gramophonist a radio "fan."

The mere conversion of an existing gramophone into a loud-speaker is not the natural link between these two kindred worlds of musical appreciation. There is the possibility of a much closer association, of even an actual coalition.

Redolent of wonder and symbolic of occidental twentieth

century magic, a loud-speaker stands upon a bookcase or upon an occasional table in the drawing-room of the radio enthusiast. Between certain hours he can regale his leisure moments with a programme of speech and music. Outside these hours his loud-speaker must of necessity be silent, as quality of reception sinks by degrees to zero the more extensive the range of ether explored. This period of silence outside the programme of the nearer broadcasting stations is not the only one he must endure. So widely do opinions differ on the ideal programme that, for the individual, certain periods of silence are desirable even in the best of programmes when an assertive judgment decides in favour of the cut-out switch, for, happily, in matters of the mind, few people possess the assimilative propensities usually associated with the gastronomies of an ostrich.

It is during such a period of silence that a gramophone selection could fill the breach, not as a mere stand-by, but, to the listener, as an integral part of the wireless programme issuing from the loud-speaker. Well chosen items could be interspersed frequently, and the individual will be impressed upon a wireless programme.

To achieve this result the only thing required would be an electrical connection between an unobtrusive gramophone and the loud-speaker. This would be effected by the direct transmission of vibrations from the groove by the method

employed by the B.B.C., or the use of the "Sterling" tone arm which incorporates a microphone.

Where it was only required as an ally of radio to introduce the personal element, the acoustic properties of a gramophone would cease to be of moment, and that point of interest would be transferred to the loud-speaker. The essentials for the gramophone would be a good silent motor and a smooth-running turntable enclosed in a well-designed box. The turntable stop, local battery switch, and wireless cut-out switch would be one and the same, alternating on the "on" and "off" positions. The record would be placed on the turntable in readiness for the switch-over.

Granted, in addition to a Vocalion long-playing controller combined in the motor, a high standard of recording and a wide repertoire, the slow-moving surface of the relative records would be ideal for the introduction of items of appreciable duration and for the elimination of any definite "background" in the loud-speaker. Direct electrical transmission would also help to achieve a result where there would be nothing to choose between gramophone "background" and the almost imperceptible presence of a carrier wave.

The prospect of such developments is entrancing.

Will the goal be first reached by amateur experimenters, or will the specialists make this *geste amical* to our friends who journey aloof in the wireless world? T. B. S.



CHAT

By "INDICATOR"

IT must have struck others than me, how, little by "Little" the Translations—clamoured for and appreciated—have come to prove, in many cases, that the understanding of the words of some operatic excerpts is worse than merely listening to the unknown but sonorous sounds of the foreign tongue, coupled to the aria's music. How inane, how "soppy" some of it is when put in plain English! Now the words of such a song as sung by Gogorza—*O Song Divine*—are worth understanding; and where, as in this case, just a few may escape one, though mostly in excellent English, it is really helpful to fill up such gaps. I remember being at first puzzled at a few words in Clara Butt's *Chimney Corner*, instantly supplied by my Spanish confrère, Mr. de Toro—"Is it a castle in Eldorado?" Quite plain—when you know.

* * *

A main reason for the tendency towards Wagnerian opera is, I think, that with Wagner the phrenological organs of ideality, sublimity and wonder (where developed); are in greater appreciative exercise than that of wit, which latter gives a disconcerting sense of the ridiculous in Italian opera. The lift of purely legendary imagination is sufficient to place it above and out of touch with the common-place, where, as an ordinary man said to me, one laughs at the idea of the landlord calling for the rent and singing about it, whilst the tenant sings about not having it, and where everybody sings about anything. I am blessed with sufficient of the above-mentioned organs, together with the perceptive of form, size and colour, absolutely to "supply the scenery" in *The Ride of the Valkyries*, *Siegfried's Funeral March*, etc., and though my wit is well developed, yet, it remains quiescent in such a lofty sphere.

* * *

What is the most favoured order in programmes? I have a programme book, with a large number I constructed,

yet, strangely, I do not use it as much as I anticipated doing. Generally, they run thus: (1) Piano. (2) Soprano. (3) String trio. (4) Contralto. (5) Orchestra. (6) Tenor. (7) 'Cello. (8) Baritone. (9) Band. (Interval.) (10) Piano-concerto. (11) Female duet. (12) Violin. (13) Bass. (14) Orchestra. (15) Male duet. (16) String quartet. (17) Instrumental solo (cornet or flute). (18) Band. Often I go in for short evenings of one or two categories only—all piano evening; vocal only; all orchestral; all band; a symphony night; a light (Piccadilly) orchestra only; Russian night; Viennese night; less often a night with a composer. Mood, of course, directs, and sometimes I have a peaceful night (McEwen's *Solway*, etc.). Occasionally, with the aid of Ravel, Strauss, Debussy and Turina, I go in for a wild night. Eventually getting back to the orthodox as per programme book.

* * *

A truly gentle creature asked my advice, in all his sweet innocence—"You know I am musical in the appreciative sense, now I've been thinking I should get a gramophone; what do you think I should have to spend—I'm not rich?" Brutally, I said, "Well, about £100 would fit you up." "O heavens! The last thing I could think of is a posh instrument." "Instrument!" I said. "Man, that's nothing—it is the records that may ruin you." Then in pity I turned on the "Dragean" relief. "Look here my poor fellow, choose your horn instrument, your fibres, total under £10, then just when you can afford it a record—two records. A thousand pounds' worth of them to choose from, yet all you pay is a mere five or ten shillings—at a time—and lo, in a year or so the £100 is spent—easy. Talk about painless dentistry—our hobby does the extraction and reduces the swelling of bank accounts marvellously, but, after all, to life's enrichment."

Table-Talk

(A running commentary on matters of special interest or of particular provocation, which appear in the current numbers of THE GRAMOPHONE)

V.—SEPTEMBER.

FRANCK (p. 158b).—Mr. Compton Mackenzie has the precious ability to deliver a sermon without preaching, and to give out ideas that are more helpful than personal reminiscence or applied scientific knowledge. It is indeed "idle to go to one of those little conservatories of sound [at the music warehouse] and expect to find out if you like these records [of such works as the Franck quartet] by playing them over once."

Yet this is how most gramophonists are brought into touch with the graver music of the masters. The Audition Room is all wrong for the purpose, its mental tone being charged with jazz and excited operatic solos; the listener's mental tone is wrong likewise, for he is occupied with the business of purchasing goods. It is no wonder that 95 per cent. of us have to say we don't like the music, or that it is too advanced.

The same experience befalls members of an orchestra when first brought into contact with works like the Franck symphony; the anxiety and excitement of playing the music prevent the performers from realising the nature of the music itself, and after the rehearsal they adversely criticise it. But their criticism alters after the concert, because they have passed the difficult portals and have been able to live in the thoughts of the composer.

"Such music," says Mr. Mackenzie, "is for the solitude of your own room—more than that—for the solitude of your own soul"; which is why great artists learn music by memory, and spend hours thinking it through in silence.

DELIUS (p. 160b).—May I qualify the remarks on Delius? There is, for most of us, little of the "schoolmaster reacting with accomplished mind to conventional rustic emotions," still less of the Mr. Pickwick vision, in Delius and his music; but, on the contrary, the purest poetical understanding, so that Delius becomes, in his world, what Franck is in Franck's world. Moreover, although ultimately Delius is *English*, the moods of his shorter orchestral works were evoked by foreign scenes, and the "tunes" worked here and there into the substance of the music are not of English origin, but foreign.

Writing some five years ago, L. Dutton-Green said, "Concerning the later works of Delius, I have almost invariably insisted on his innate love of nature"; this love, I add for myself, is of the kind that expresses itself reflectively, never descriptively, for all the inevitable touches of pictorial imitation; in *On First Hearing the Cuckoo in Spring*, the song of the bird is well-nigh imperceptible.

CECIL SHARE (p. 177c).—It is not quite correct to say that the collecting of folk-music was Cecil Sharp's "life-work." It was not until 1899 that he began his great labour here, and he was then forty years old. Previously he had been a lawyer in Australia. But, of course, so far as music itself is concerned, collecting folk-music actually was his life's work; though he also worked as organist, conductor, and head of a musical establishment.

The portrait on p. 177 is not like him, any more than the cap on his knee is like a cap. His features were heavy, of the old Norman design, and his manner was quite non-mercurial. He had an air of detachment—however closely he kept to the subject in hand (and his concentration was magnificent), one quality in his nature seemed always to be moving contemplatively in another plane. But the general impression he gave out was quite other than the impression given to me by this photograph.

His death in June, 1924, was a shock to his friends. I had been with him in the middle of May. We had been speaking of a projected big book dealing with eighteenth century dancing, and of the still uncatalogued mass of material he had by him. I think my last remark to him (apart from fixing an appointment for the autumn) was that he really ought to stop travelling the country to speak about folk-music at little private gatherings, and settle down to literary work, since time was getting on, and none could do the work except himself; and he agreed with me. Then a month later I opened a newspaper, and saw that he had died. Perhaps his work was completed, however; there are no doubt songs not yet gathered, but they must be comparatively few.

RHYTHM (p. 193a).—"K. K." is one of the most delightful of the writers on music whose work comes my way. He (or as I hope it might prove to be, *she*) has that grip which betokens vitality. The first paragraph of his article (p. 192) is excellent stuff.

But is it right to say (p. 193) with regard to the listener's confusion over the rhythm of the Beethoven scherzo, that "the matter is not a big one, of course"? It is big enough to go to the heart of Musical Appreciation, because it is by our response to rhythm, and particularly to syncopated rhythm, that we really respond to music. At least so I maintain.

Once again, and for the hundredth time, I find myself wishing the Editor could spare a thousand columns or so for a brief exposition—with graded records—of the rhythm of music.

To be in doubt about rhythm is like being in doubt about the logic of a sentence, which is to miss its meaning. And not to respond with a living consciousness to rhythm is like failing to respond to that quality in verse which makes the verse poetry. Most listeners are flabby where rhythm is concerned, whereas they ought to have as active a rhythmical vitality and as perfect a cadential poise as the performer. Good taste and perfect enjoyment are impossible otherwise; and this is no High-Brow assertion. People hate syncopation, however, and nowhere more than in popular dance music. Mr. Gayton (p. 182) speaks of "syncopated music" being capably played: I have never heard popular dance music capably played, *as syncopated music*; and when (as I often do) I perform the month's fox-trots on my Pianola with the rhythmical vitality drawn from years of study of Brahms, Beethoven, Tudor music, and the like, in which is the real syncopation, I find my friends cannot sing or dance to my playing, because the disturbed accents, being made vital, go beyond their sense of rhythm.

Even a simple fox-trot like *I've got a real daddy now* demands of us the ability to appreciate two rhythms at once, one the steady 8-quaver of duple time, the other a mixture of 3-quaver and 5-quaver imposed upon the former. And that Viennese-waltz syncopation which Beethoven uses in his scherzos (as does every other scientifically trained composer of music in triple time) demands the same ability to appreciate two things at once—to find animation in the conflict and pleasure in the resolution. But rhythm is a dangerous hobby-horse, which only he rides who has that same rhythm as a bee in his bonnet, or to whom it is a King Charles's head.

DANCE MUSIC AND THE "BEST COMPOSERS" (p. 182d).—Mr. Arthur W. Gayton's plea that song-inanities shall be removed from the fox-trot is one to be repeated until it is granted; enough generations probably remain for humanity for the plea to arrive at the right place.

His further plea that good composers should write for jazz ends should likewise be supported; they are willing to do such things—Schubert anticipated Sousa in a hundred works, and Elgar wrote his *Military Marches*. But several of our extreme modernists in musical composition have produced jazz and fox-trot already. The fifth movement of a Casella string quartet (1920) is a fox-trot; Stravinski has written a "rag-time" for piano (1920), and in his *L'Histoire du Soldat* are the tango and several pieces of rag-time; Wiener has transcribed some American "Blues" for orchestra; Milhaud constructed the music of his *Nothing-Doing Bar* on the tango; Georges Auric has done a fox-trot, *Adieu, New York*; Henry Franklin Gilbert, one of the "best" of living American musicians, has written dozens of genuinely fine works on rag-time rhythms; and so the list could be extended. Only this month were played at the Venice Festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music a *Daniel-jazz* (voice and orchestra) by Louis Gruenberg and a *Jassband* (violin and piano) by Wilhelm Grosz. One of the funniest thing I know of—the wildest, maddest, and vividest—is a fox-trot specially composed for the Pianola by Casella. Let us have these things searched out, and a few of them recorded, with real rhythmical vitality in the performance.

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW RECORDINGS.—The Dolmetsch Festival of ancient music and ancient instruments at Haslemere, and the great revival of eighteenth century music at the Promenade Concerts this autumn, have brought into popular notice a good many hitherto unknown works, as that *Concerto Grosso in B minor* of Handel, of which the critic of *The Times* says that the *larghetto* "contains one of the finest slow melodies that have ever been written," and that *Plainte* of Marin Marais, for viola da gamba (1700), which is notable for expressive harmonies. It would be good to have the best of these discovered beauties at once provided for the gramophone.

S. G.

(To be continued.)

TRADE WINDS AND IDLE ZEPHYRS

Reviews of Records

A further step in the development of the reviews is being taken this month with the giving to each reviewer of records of the same kind rather than from the same factory. Orchestral and instrumental and chamber music are not hard to group, though some of the lighter music has found its way into the miscellaneous basket. But voice records are not so easily separated. It is a matter of great satisfaction to us all that Mr. Herman Klein has been persuaded to undertake the reviewing of operatic records. They could not, of course, be in better hands. But he is a busy man, and yet a man who would deprecate a hasty verdict on a record: so his readers, no less than his friends at the London Office, must appreciate the honour which, at the expense of his comfort, he is doing to THE GRAMOPHONE in undertaking this further work.

Operatic records are entrusted to Mr. Klein, but to these have this month been added a few records of songs sung by *operatic* singers, while most of the song records have been sent to another reviewer. It will probably take several months to get this new grouping into working order; and one of the chief difficulties is to ensure the receipt of records for this purpose in good time. The leading manufacturers have nobly risen to the occasion, and doubtless the others will do their best to follow suit next month.

Edith Lorand

Miss Lorand was in London not long ago, and is likely to come over again this season. Her distinguished and charming series of records for Parlophone has won her no end of admirers, but perhaps the distinction and charm of them will be enhanced by the knowledge that the violinist is as young and as beautiful as this portrait shows her to be. She is one of those to whom success has come early and prodigally. A Hungarian by birth, Edith Lorand was a pupil of two famous professors, von Hubay and Carl Flesch. She first appeared in Vienna in 1920, and ever since that time has gone from triumph to triumph all over Europe.

Results and Development

The 20 per cent. dividend lately announced by the Gramophone Co. pales into banality before the great developments which are fore-shadowed at Hayes. At the same time comes the news that the Columbia folk have acquired an important interest in the Carl Lindström Co., of Berlin, and the Transoceanic Trading Co., of Amsterdam, which will, of course, affect the Parlophone Co. in this country, as well as Odeon, Fonotipia, etc., in others. All goes to show a flourishing state of trade and 'rosy prospects, fully confirmed by visits lately paid to the factories of the Gramophone Co. and the Columbia Co. by members of the London staff, who wish to record their gratitude for interesting afternoons and the kindest hospitality.

Our Australian readers who complain of the high prices of British records in the Antipodes will soon have the advantage of Columbia as well as of H.M.V. factories in their own country. And we ought to get some splendid records of Australian voices in return.

Duophone Competition

The results of the Duophone Competition were issued in the middle of last month, and as if by magic the first recordings of the Duophone Company are now on the market. Unfortunately, they came too late for review in this issue, as did also the October

Brunswicks and Zonophones and a series of Homochord records (which we have not hitherto received for review in the ordinary way). The news that Velvet Face prices are now the same as Winners (4s. and 2s. 6d.) will induce a great many readers to look through the catalogue again, which contains a quantity of good music very cheap at these prices.

Those Promenades

A correspondent, "L. S.," sends the following veracious tale which he calls "A Young Impression":—

A fond aunt is very keen on music, and it is her ambition that her small nephew—Jimmy—aged three, shall have his taste for music developed at an early age. He is thereupon taken to a Prom.—rather a heavy diet to begin with, it must be admitted.

Auntie questions Jimmy to discover whether the music has made an impression.

"Well, Jimmy dear, did you like the music you heard at the concert?"

"Yeth."

"Well, now, tell auntie about what you saw and heard."

"Oh!—there was a pretty likkle pond with wocks and—"

"Yes, dear, but how about the other things; did you like the beautiful music?"

"Yeth—but auntie, you ought to have seen the goldfishes—likkle weenie ones and big gran'father ones, and one had—"

"Yes, dear, we have heard all about that, but did you like the music and singing? Come, dear, tell auntie nicely just what happened."

"Oh—a waiter played the piano, and a lady *skweamed* becos' she had forgot to put her sleeves on."

Collapse of auntie.

R.I.P.

The Academy of Recorded Music, outlined by "Indicator" in the last issue, is apparently to remain a dream for the present. He reports as follows:—

"Thanks are due to the Editor, both for the part he has taken and for the most important part he has offered to take in the scheme as outlined: also to those secretaries of societies who have taken the trouble to write about it. Facts, however, must be faced. There is

not that spirit of collaboration amongst the societies as a whole, that would warrant the embarkation; hence, the scheme must be placed on the shelf, amongst those laudable efforts that require too much from collective human nature in its present state.—INDICATOR."

Exchange and Mart

This feature of THE GRAMOPHONE has been in existence for many months, and has, we know, been of great use to those who have taken advantage of it. But they do not seem to grow in numbers as fast as one might expect. Is it that our readers have nothing to sell or exchange, nothing that they want to buy? Or is it the cost of the small advertisement which dismays them?

Let us try an experiment. Next month, November, there will be no charge for insertions in the *Exchange and Mart* page; but the length of any insertion from each reader will be limited to 30 words in all. The advertisements must reach the London Offices before October 15th, and the Editor must reserve the privilege of refusing any which are unsuitable.



EDITH LORAND.

National Gramophonic Society Notes

(All Communications should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, N.G.S., 58, Frith Street, London, W.1.)

The object of the National Gramophonic Society is to aim at achieving for gramophone music what such societies as the Medici have done for the printed book.

THE current year begins on October 1st. In 1924-25 the following works were issued to members: Beethoven, *String Quartet in E flat*, Op. 74; Debussy, *String Quartet in G minor*, Op. 10; Schubert, *Piano Trio in E flat*, Op. 100; Schönberg, *String Sextet, Verklärte Nacht*, Op. 4; Beethoven, *String Quartet in F major*, Op. 59, No. 1; Brahms, *String Sextet in B flat major*, Op. 18; on twenty-four twelve-inch double-sided records.

The *Quartets* were played by the Spencer Dyke Quartet (Spencer Dyke and Edwin Quaife, violins, Ernest Tomlinson, viola, and Patterson Parker, 'cello); the Schubert *Trio* by Spencer Dyke, Patterson Parker, and Harold Craxton, piano, and the two *Sextets* by the Spencer Dyke Quartet with James Lockyer, violin, and E. J. Robinson, 'cello. In addition to these, in the early part of the year, Mr. W. W. Cobbett presented the first 300 members with a record of the *Allegro* from Rubinstein's *Quartet in F*, Op. 17, No. 3, and *The Declaration* from Raff's *Maid of the Mill Suite*, Op. 192, No. 2. The quartet which played these works was led by Mr. Cobbett himself. A few copies still remain, and are available to members at 5s. each. It must be clearly understood that no member may sell any N.G.S. record for less than 7s. 6d. But breakages, etc., can be replaced to members at 5s. each record.

In the choice of works the Committee (which consists of the Editor, the London Editor, and Messrs. W. R. Anderson, W. W. Cobbett, Spencer Dyke, and Alec Robertson) is guided by the voting on a preliminary list which is sent to members at the beginning of the year. As far as possible it is ascertained whether the works chosen are due to be recorded or issued in the near future by the various gramophone companies, so that duplication may be avoided.

Up to the present financial reasons have confined the output to chamber music, but with the growth of the society more ambitious works may be issued.

The membership subscription is 5s. a year; the record subscription, for 24 discs, is £6 a year for the records at 5s. each and 10s. for postage and packing, for members in Great Britain. Members who wish to fetch their records from the office are not, of course, expected to pay this 10s. Overseas members pay 25s. instead of 10s. at the beginning of each year. The subscription can be paid in one lump sum of £6 15s. on October 1st, or two payments of £3 10s. and £3 5s. on October 1st and April 1st respectively, or monthly, 16s. on October 1st and 11s. on the first day of the other months of the year.

The Brahms Sextet

On page 201 of the September number a short note proclaimed to members of the N.G.S. the lamentable news that the master record of one part of the Brahms sextet had been broken at the factory. Mr. Spencer Dyke has laid a new debt of gratitude upon the Society by the trouble and haste which he took to arrange for this fragment to be recorded again. This has been done, the factory has been exhorted to special haste, and at the earliest opportunity the records will be issued to members. It is, of course, impossible to name an exact date now, or even an exact week during which the records may be expected; but members may be sure that all possible delay is being avoided. Some will perhaps have received their records before this number is published.

The Mozart Oboe Quartet

To judge from the eager letters of expectant members this work is likely to prove the most popular that we shall have issued. Many readers who do not belong to the N.G.S. have written to ask if any members are likely to be willing to dispose of their copies. It has been a positively painful duty to write to these enthusiasts and damp their hopes. In the unlikely event of someone being anxious to get rid of these three ten-inch records we can safely assure him that he, or she, will have no difficulty in doing so.

They will be sent to members shortly after the Brahms *Sextet*, and will be counted as the equivalent of two twelve-inch records. The sixth side is occupied by a Bach *Sinfonia*.

The Beethoven Records

All the records of the Beethoven *Quartet in F major*, Op. 59, No. 1, have now been out for some time. Many members have written appreciative letters; some have complained that the surface is worse than in the case of the predecessors while others have written to say that they consider the actual recording to be better than anything that we have done up to the present. As in the case of former records few statements have been made that could not be contradicted by other letters.

New Works

The Committee have prepared a list of works for new recordings. Members will soon receive this for voting purposes. It ranges from the seventeenth to the twentieth centuries, and there can be few people whose taste is so precise that they will find in it no works which will meet with their complete approval.

The National Gramophonic Society

Some letters have been received contending that, since the Society has been called National, it has laid itself under an obligation to produce works by native composers. At the present day there is a quantity of English chamber music of considerable merit and as English as Shakespeare.

Our patriotic correspondents and other members who wish to indulge their love of country without sacrificing their love of art will therefore be pleased to find that there are several admirable English works included in the voting list.

Gibbons and Goossens

In the meantime the Music Society Quartet has recorded some *Fantasies* by Orlando Gibbons and two short pieces of Eugène Goossens, *By the Tarn* and *Jack o' Lantern*.

By the Tarn has been used to fill up the eighth and last side of the Brahms *Sextet*. This record has been heard and passed as satisfactory by the composer himself, a fact which would alone have justified its inclusion did not the request for English music make it an ideal "fill-up."

Japan

Turning from West to East, we have received another charming and characteristic letter full of thanks and appreciation of the N.G.S. records from our Japanese friend and member, Mr. Hajime Fukaya. He informs us that he has entered into a musical alliance with several English members, perhaps to make up for the old national one which is, if only officially, ended. To his other friendly deeds he has added the offer of an article on Japanese music and has procured us a new member in his friend Mr. Y. Mizumachi. We can now boast two Japanese members. Beethoven in Tokyo or Schönberg beneath Fujiyama is a sublime thought.

"The Daily Telegraph"

We hope that many members have read the delightful notice which the N.G.S. received in the *Daily Telegraph* gramophone column on Saturday, September 12th.

The flattering paragraph is too long to quote in full, but the following extract is irresistible: "The National Gramophonic Society, which is a product, I think, of the fertile brain of Compton Mackenzie, has quickly raised itself to a position that matters in the gramophone world, and that it fills a gap there is no doubt. At the end of its first year of existence it finds itself already in the extremely proud position of being able to finance the Spencer Dyke Quartet to produce records of the highest merit as to quality, and to commission records as may not likely be produced 'for the open market' as it were." Mention is made of "Mozart's delicious *Oboe Quartet in F*," "Leon Goossens, probably the greatest oboist alive," and the "Society, which is well worth encouraging for its achievements no less than for its promise"; and lastly, the grateful first three hundred members will be glad to hear that the Cobbett record has earned thirty-five lines of approval.

Analytical Notes and First Reviews

MOZART

VOCALION.

K05190, 05191, 05192, 05193 (four 12-in records, 26/-). **The Kutcher String Quartet, — Quartet in D Minor (No. 13, Peters' Edition) (Mozart).** Ref. Eulenburg miniature score: also in Philharmonia.

Mozart's *Quartet in D minor*, K. V.421, is the second of the set of six—Op. 10—dedicated by the composer in homage to his friend Haydn. The following translation of a letter sent to him, with the quartets, by Mozart in 1785, is of interest, as showing the friendly intercourse existing between the two great composers. "To my Dear Friend Haydn:—

"A father being resolved to send his children into the great world, thinks it his duty to entrust them to the protection and guidance of a very celebrated man at this time, who is also by good luck his best friend. Behold, then, celebrated man and very dearest friend, my six children! They are, it is true, the fruits of long and painful labour; nevertheless, the hope which several of my well-wishers hold out that this labour will not have been altogether thrown away, encourages me, and I cradle myself with the flattering thought that these children will one day bring me consolation. Thyself, dearest friend, did express to me thy satisfaction on thy last sojourn in Vienna. Thy approval, above all, animates me with the courage to recommend them to thee, and to believe that they are not entirely unworthy of thy favour. Please then to welcome them with kindness, and be their father, director and friend. From this moment I yield up all my rights in them to thee, begging of thee to view with indulgence those faults which the blindness of paternal affection may have concealed from me, and to preserve, in spite of them, thy generous friendship to him who knows so well how to appreciate it. At all times, and with all my heart, your most sincere friend, "W. A. MOZART."

"Vienna, Sep. 1, 1785."

First Movement.—Part I. *Allegro moderato*. (Score, pp. 3-5; repeat observed.)—The main subject of the first movement is unusually robust and spacious. Those who follow the music with a score should notice the downward moving bass; one of those little points that give a thrill of æsthetic delight. There is more implicit in this theme of Mozart than he, with all his genius, was able to develop. It needed a later age—and a Beethoven—to destroy the lapses into mere conventions of the period which so frequently mar Mozart's instrumental music. To many this may seem something like heresy, but I declare that, after the promise of this fine subject, I have no palate for trills and turns. A beautiful chromatic bridge passage leads, by way of a tripping little figure on the first violin, to the second subject on the same instrument. This is like a thousand melodies of its composer's making, and is attended by some elaborate passage work for the first violin.

First Movement.—Part II. (Score, page 6, line 1, bar 1 to end.)—The short development section which starts immediately on this side contains a note of gravity suggested by the harmonisation—and a wonderful modulation—which again quickens our interest; this is sustained by a finely devised imitational passage on the octave leap of the first subject and a well graded lead-up to the recapitulation. This time the second subject attains to a greater dignity of expression than before. The constant use of a triplet figure in accompaniment and solo should be noted as having, possibly, some connection with the main tune and *coda* of the last movement. It is, of course, impossible to say whether the affinity is conscious or accidental.

Second Movement.—*Andante*. (Score, page 12-14, line 2, bar 3.)—Let it be said at once that this movement is extremely tedious and undistinguished. One feels that Mozart has merely jotted down a number of facile formulæ in which he does not for a moment believe. The workmanship is, as always, excellent, but the material is of the poorest. Some of the monotonous feeling the first subject induces is caused by its reliance on the tonic harmony. The second subject, of an easy flowing character, is at least tuneful, but it suffers an untimely death and (score, page 14, line 2, bar 3) we are all too soon back in the mud flats of the opening theme. Any one who feels these remarks to be an outrage should, with honesty of purpose, play over the final cadence some four or five times. Could it be called anything but banal?

Third Movement.—Part I. *Menuetto-allegretto*.—Mozart makes a magnificent recovery in this movement which is one of the loveliest of his minuets with a trio of fairy-like delicacy.

Fourth Movement.—*Allegretto ma non troppo*. (Score, pages 19-23, line 2 to end.)—Here, again, is the authentic voice of the master. The movement is cast in the form of an air and four variations with a final statement of the air and a *coda*. The air suggests one of the old dance tunes—a galliard; it has many interesting features, such as the quick repeated notes which end each phrase and the skilful way in which the last two phrases are treated.

First Variation.—Florid passages for the first violin with very slight support from the other strings. First repeat observed.

Second Variation.—Interesting dynamic and syncopated effects. The eye needs to see what the ear is hearing for a full appreciation of these. First repeat observed.

Part II. (Score, page 23, line 3, bar 1.)

Third Variation.—This would be a charming vehicle for the exercise of the ballet dancer's art, so light and tripping is it. The violas start off and plays a considerable part throughout this most bewitching variation.

Fourth Variation.—In the major key, the rich warmth of which falls gratefully on the ear. This time the 'cello has a bit of fun.

Finale.—*Più allegro*.—The theme comes back again with a truly wonderful *coda* in addition which employs those little quick notes to suggest a dear friend, in whose company we have been both entertained and bored (it is so often the case) waving us farewell. He (or is it she?) fades into the distance, leaving us enwrapped in a pleasant melancholy. The playing of the Kutcher Quartet is uniformly enthusiastic, but rather variable in the matter of nuance, balance, and intonation. The recording is excellent, except for the 'cello part, which is often far too faint. The last side is taken up with the delightful minuet from the *E flat quartet*. N. P.

ORCHESTRAL

COLUMBIA.

L.1668, 69, 70 (12in., 6s. 6d. each).—**New Queen's Hall Orchestra**, conducted by Sir H. J. Wood: **Symphony in G ("Surprise")** (Haydn). On last side, **Praeludium** (Järnefelt). G. and T., Philharmonia.

L.1651 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conducted by Bruno Walter: **Prelude to Act 3 of the Mastersingers** (Wagner) and **Nocturne** from music to **A Midsummer Night's Dream** (Mendelssohn).

H.M.V.

D.1018 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—**Royal Albert Hall Orchestra**, conducted by Eugène Goossens: **La Boutique Fantasque** (Rossini-Respighi).

PARLOPHONE.

E.10353 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—**Opera House Orchestra**, conducted by Siegfried Wagner: **Overture, Der Bärenhäuter** (Siegfried Wagner).

E.10354 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—**Opera House Orchestra**, conducted by Dr. Weissmann: **Overture, Die Weihe des Hauses, Op. 124** (Beethoven). G. and T.

E.10355 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—**Opera House Orchestra**, conducted by E. Moerike: **Overture, The Bartered Bride** (Smetana). G. and T., Also in Philharmonia.

E.10356 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—**Opera House Orchestra**, conducted by E. Moerike: **Le Rouet d'Omphale** (Saint-Saëns).

E.10357 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—**Opera House Orchestra**, conducted by Bruno Weyersberg: **Overture, La Gazza Ladra** (Rossini). Philharmonia.

E.10360 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—**Edith Lorand Orchestra**: **Valse Bluette** (Drigo) and **Pas de Fleurs** (Delibes).

BRUNSWICK.

20039 (12in., 5s. 6d.).—**Vessella's Italian Band**: **Love in Idleness** (Macbeth) and **Evolution of Dixie** (Lake).

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G.10742 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—**The Grosvenor Orchestra: Les Mandonistes and Finale alla Polacca from Mascarade** (Lacome).

VOCALION.

K.05194 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—**Modern Chamber Orchestra: Country Song, Op. 22, No. 1** (Holst) and **Andante grazioso and Allegro vivace from Cimarosiana** (arr. Malapiero).

COLUMBIA.—My colleague, N. P., dealt with the Parlophone records of the Haydn *Surprise Symphony* in the issue of March last (page 385), so I need not say much about the work. Besides its English popular name, it is known abroad by the title of *Paukenschlag* (kettledrum-beat). It is one of the Salomon works, written for the series of concerts given by that impresario in London in 1792. In the first movement I find the strings not very strong, and somehow the wind, in bars 115–120, is not quite satisfactory. The first fiddles, by the way, make an unusual slip on the last note of bar 85, and the high D in the middle of the bar is not quite hit in the centre either. This is a tiny point, of course. The string bass is quite good. There seems a tincture of brassy tone here. Is this imagination? The slow movement begins half way through the second side. The repetitions are omitted. It is amusing to see how much tonal variety Haydn gets out of his rather limited resources. The oboe is a wee bit too strong for the flute, but that can't be helped by the players very well.

The Minuet is as good a sample of Haydn's use of musicianly resource in a small piece as could be desired. His instrumental interplay, phrase-extensions, etc., are very neat. The Minuet is, rather unusually, marked *Allegro mollo*, so that as regards speed it tends towards the *Scherzo* style, but it is the peasant-dance that Haydn loved, running on lighter feet than usual, that is all.

The last movement is the perfection of dapperness—Haydn to a T. You expect nothing serious in the way of working-out when you hear that insouciant tune, skipping off with its hands in its pockets. True, he threatens, but it does not come to anything serious. The playing is capital. Endings: First side, at bar 149; second, bar 70 of the slow movement; third, end of the first part of the Minuet (its sixty-second bar); fourth, to bar 189 of the Finale.

The Jarnefelt is a mere trifle, but it ranks with *Shepherd's Hey*, *Molly on the Shore*, and other Graingerisms as a dainty tit-bit. This is the best record of the piece I have heard.

The taste of the Prelude to the third act of *The Mastersingers* (wrongly called, on the record, *The Meistersingers*) is delectable. It epitomises the wise, kindly, tolerant spirit of Sachs, and has a touch of melancholy too. Wagner told us that the motive first heard is "the bitter cry of a man resigned and resolved to wear a brave and cheerful face before the world." Love is for the young. Sachs, a true gentleman, furthers the interests of Eva and Walter, keeping to himself his reflections on what might have been. His soul, "quieted and reconciled . . . reaches to the uttermost serenity of holy and peaceful resignation."

The Mendelssohn *Nocturne* is played rather too fast for my liking. It sounds a bit lightly tossed off, and that lovely horn opening ought to sing out with leisurely sweetness, surely. The nocturne comes in the play after that third act in which the sportive Puck has misled the lovers. He anoints the eyes of Lysander with a magic juice, that shall remedy his joke. The playing in both the Wagner and Mendelssohn is on the subdued side, but I like it all the better for that. The colours are delicate and choicely applied.

H.M.V.—There is an odd sort of semi-stridency about the opening of the *Boutique Fantastique*, with a full-tone needle. I prefer the effect of the half-tone. I suppose this is one of the first products of the new system of recording. It promises well, but I do not quite like the blend of the tone as we have it here. There is certainly an increased brightness in the colouring, but there are some very odd effects. The orchestra sounds in places more like a military band than a body containing a preponderance of strings. From Rossini's little pieces, written largely for the amusement of his friends after he had given up composing for the stage, a number of trifles have been selected and made into the accompaniment of the ballet, that the Russians have made so familiar. This is some of the most charming recreation music obtainable. Those who enjoy the Delibes suites, and Gounod's *Faust* ballet, will like this particularly.

PARLOPHONE.—To be the son of a great father is a heavy handicap for anyone. To be the son of the one and only Wagner is too great a burden altogether. Siegfried's opera, *The Lazy Fellow*, to which this is the overture, was produced in Munich when he was thirty (in 1899). It is a competent piece of work, with some

skittish writing, that probably serves to set the mental stage quite well for the opera, of which I know nothing. The scoring suggests Strauss, and the lay-out of some of the ideas reinforces the suggestion. Save for some bits of wood-wind work the recording is quite enjoyable.

The Beethoven *Weihe des Hauses* Overture was composed in 1822 for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre at Vienna—hence the title, "Dedication of the House." A few notes of the opening are sufficient to place the music as late Beethoven. There is a capital solidity in the *Allegro*—a blend of importance and liveliness, in the use of a contrapuntal figure and the violins' constant running about. One or two moments of suspense do not hold up the movement, but hand it on from stage to stage, as it were. Beethoven keeps the ball rolling without being too portentous. The playing is full of spirit, though perhaps a trifle muzzy in the wood-wind in places. The violins are well in the picture, and there is a very fair amount of bass to be heard. I praise the performance most, however, when I consider it, not in detail, but "by and large." It does seem to get the size of the music over to us as well as the gramophone can.

To your "national" composer the tune matters more than what is done with it. Smetana, in *The Bartered Bride Overture*, was obviously seeking for nothing more than a depiction of village merry-making. He had the originality to use that quite exciting plan of letting the instruments come in one by one, after the manner of a fugue; but he could not think of very much to do after that, and so we get rather tired of his tunes—or would do if the spirit and boldness of their presentation did not rather disarm criticism. Some of the detail in the lower strings does not come out too well in this record, but the effect in the more fully orchestrated portions is distinctly good, whatever defect there be being ascribable, I think, to Smetana's rather clumsy writing for the full orchestra. Small wonder if at the climaxes most of the instruments sound a bit husky.

Saint-Saëns, in his first tone-poem about Hercules, shows him in the toils of the lovely Omphale. His strivings and writhings need no detailed analysis, I think. The composer tells us quite sufficient in the remarks he prefixes to the score. The subject is the alluring power of woman—the victory of weakness over strength. This subject he illuminated again, six years later, in *Samson*. The spinning-wheel is merely the peg on which to hang the piece. It is heard at the start, with a flute melody, after some few bars of introduction, representing the enchantress's fascination. Lower strings and bassoon (with, on this record, surely some other stronger-toned instrument) give out a theme (near the end of the first side) that represents the hero in bondage. He grows weaker. Strings sustain a low G, and Omphale is heard deriding him, in a mocking form of his "groaning" theme. This is the material of the work. It is a little starkly presented, but the clearness of the outline makes it easy to follow. There is a cut, and we skip to a close-up of the vamp's conquest—or is that high A of the fiddles the triumph of virtue?

In a very prolific period of eight years, between 1815 and 1823, Rossini wrote a score of operas. *La Gazza Ladra* (*The Thieving Magpie*) is a fair specimen of his jaunty style—quite the thing for a comic opera. It comes off about as well as anything Parlophone has done for some time.

The Lorand Orchestra throws off its trifles with an air of distinction. All is clean-cut. These players have the music-hall artist's trick of "getting it over." The waltz is a graceful specimen.

BRUNSWICK.—A rather pungent-toned band is Vessella's. The *Evolution of Dixie* promises *Dance Aboriginal* (sic), *Minuet*, 1865, *Waltz*, *Ragtime*, *Grand Opera*, *Finale*. The opening sounds as if the shade of Wagner had dipped a finger in the tar-pot and added a touch. The sections are clear enough. The tune is more or less varied, in the styles named. The grand opera part steals the echo of the thunder from the end of the *Tannhäuser* Overture, as we might expect. The record does not live up to its pretentious title. It is very mild fun.

ACO.—This record is quite good value for half-a-crown. The instruments are nicely played, and well balanced. The music is, of course, of the lightest.

VOCALION.—The Holst piece is one of two *Songs without Words* written in 1906. The wood-wind tone is not quite as bright and full-bodied as it might be. Cimarosa (1749–1801) was a good tune-maker. Two of his ditties are here agreeably thrown off. There is not much in either, but the ballet makes a good deal of difference to one's enjoyment of these trifles. I like the orchestra better in these than in the Holst, where, though by no means poor, they are not quite so happy.

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"I must give a few words of praise to the 'DOUSONA,' a really startling example of meritorious inexpensiveness, which is just coming on the market. It has a wooden tone-arm with vertical and horizontal ball-bearing joints, and a remarkably well-designed amplifier. It gave an excellent reproduction of a Sistine Vatican Choir record and delivered John Perry's stentorian 'Lend me your aid' (Parlophone) without the least blast or harshness. I received a distinct shock when I was told that the Table Grand was £7 . 7 . 0 and the Pedestal £9 . 9 . 0. I WAS PREPARED FOR DOUBLE THOSE FIGURES."

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INSTRUMENTAL

COLUMBIA.

L.1671 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—W. H. Squire ('cello): *The Foggy Dew* (Irish Melody) and *An old Melody*.

L.1656 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—Y. Bratza (violin): *Grave* (Bach-Kreisler) and *Aus der Heimat* (Smetana).

3414 (10in., 3s.).—Leo Strockoff: *Valse Bluette* (Drigo) and *La Chasse Caprice* (Cartier-Kreisler).

H.M.V.

D.1023 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—Isolde Menges (violin): *Passacaglia* and *Hornpipe and Rigaudon* (Handel, arr. Hamilton Harty).

D.1019 and 1020 (12in., 6s. 6d. each).—W. Backhaus (piano): *Variations* (Paganini-Brahms).

B.2107 (10in., 3s.).—Una Bourne (piano): *The Countess of Westmoreland's Delight* (Shield, arr. Moffat) and *Two Bourrées* (Purcell, arr. Moffat).

D.A.659 (10in., 6s.).—Heifetz (violin): *Waltz in D* (L. Godowsky) and *Stimmung, Op. 32, No. 1* (J. Achron).

VOCALION.

A.0228 (12in., 5s. 6d.).—W. Sapellnikoff (piano): *Gnomesreigen* (Liszt) and *Fourth Mazurka* (Balakirev).

X.9632 (10in., 3s.).—Paul Kochanski (violin): *Serenade* (Pierné) and *Cavatina, Op. 85, No. 3* (Raff).

ACO.

G.15739 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Peggy Cochrane (violin): *Polichinelle* (Kreisler) and *Extase* (Ganne).

G.15738 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Maurice Cole (piano): *Scherzo, Op. 85, No. 1* (Chaminade) and *Ecosseise, Op. 72, No. 3* (Chopin).

BRUNSWICK.

15098a (10in., 5s. 6d.).—Josef Hofmann: *Polonaise Militaire in A* (Chopin) and *Melody in F* (Rubinstein).

BELTONE.

822 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—G. Winchester (violin): *Melody, Op. 42, No. 3* (Tchaikovsky) and *Minuet* (Paderewski-Kreisler).

PARLOPHONE.

E.10361 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Edith Lorand (violin): *Ungarishes Lied* (Telesfor) and *Poème Hongroise, Op. 27, Nos. 3 and 4* (Hubay).

The piano, violin, and 'cello pieces may conveniently be taken in groups, not by Companies. The most considerable work here is the set of twenty-eight variations Brahms wrote on a theme from one of the violin caprices of Paganini, which is a perfectly wonderful thing. The contrapuntal weavings upon so simple a tune are never obscure, and here and there we have a simple little tune set in the midst of the technical marvels. The hearer little used to contrapuntal music will find these variations extremely enjoyable. The playing is on the high level we expect from Backhaus, one of our best intellectual artists, and the recording does him good justice. There are a few chords in the upper register that jar a trifle, but the marvel is, in a piece of so great sonority, that the tone is so pure. There is quality in it, too. I recommend these records to every lover of brilliant music and masterly playing.

Hofmann is one of the half dozen pianists I like best to hear. He is masterly without being noisy. He gives us the very essence of the chivalric spirit in the *Polonaise*, and in the *Melody* demonstrates how a tune can be shaded and phrased. I do not count this quite one of the best of Brunswick piano recordings; but theirs were for some time by far the best impressions of piano playing we had, and they almost always come in the very first class still.

M. Cole.—The very cheap Aco's are extremely good value. Perhaps they will include some bigger things in the list. The playing is crystal-clear, and the tone, though it has not the body of Hofmann's, is really very pleasant. Sapellnikoff's Russian piece is one of the slighter efforts of Balakirev, which the pianist performs delightfully. I have not heard Sapellnikoff to better advantage than here, and in the delicately pointed Liszt dance. His tone exactly suits the latter music. I am the more glad to say this because I have not always liked this player's concert-room playing. Miss Bourne takes us into another world with her old

English pieces. They are slight enough, but the Purcells are jolly. The tone is good—a little paler than that of the other pianists, but right for this kind of music.

Of the violinists, Miss Lorand plays in a full-blooded style that seems very well suited to the wayward *Hungarian Song*. The poem has a showy middle section in the *Friszka* style of the gipsies. G. Winchester is a capable performer whom I have not heard before. He plays a little squarely. The tone is good. Remarkably good value in the way of small pieces on this record and on the Aco (*Miss Cochrane*). There is nothing to choose between the pieces, as enjoyable light items.

Kochanski plays no tricks. Indeed, he is just a trifle stodgy in his treatment of the Raff piece. The other finds him in excellent spirit. His tone is rich throughout. Heifetz tackles nothing big in recording. There is nothing new to say about his playing, but I wish he would give us a chance to discuss his mind and heart and spirit, rather than his dexterity. These pieces seem to me slighter even than usual in musical value.

Miss Menges' pieces are by far the most interesting of the fiddle things. The *Passacaglia* (a piece on a ground-bass, which is sometimes transferred to another part) is an old Italian dance-form. This example is free, and has more variety than most. She is a splendidly virile fiddler—one of our best. The bigger the music the better she rises to it. The hornpipe from the so-called "Water Music" is a jolly thing. The *Rigaudon* was a Provençal duet-dance (for one couple) and had a peculiar leaping step.

Strockoff's piano accompaniment has rather an edge. His own tone is quite likeable. The Kreisler arrangement has a little too much of the side-drum tone for my taste, but the thing is well thrown off. This record gives short measure. Bratza's Smetana piece presumably warbles "native wood-notes wild," but there is much of the drawing-room about the piece, until the dance-like middle section comes, which brightens things up considerably. The Bach has a few slightly scratchy notes. The piano tone is not remarkably full. The thing does not quite go along in the broadest way.

W. H. Squire is heavy in his treatment of the two old tunes. All these happy melodies ask is to be allowed to flow out, with just note and accent, sweetly and naturally, without any stiffness at all. The other tune is Irish too—*Believe me, if all those endearing young charms*.

K. K.

OPERATIC

H.M.V.—D.B. 813 (12in., 8s. 6d.).—Amelita Galli-Curci (soprano): *Come d'aurato sogno* (Tacea la notte) and *Timor di me?* (*D'amor sull' ali rosee*) from *Il Trovatore* (Verdi).

H.M.V.—D.B. 758 (12in., 8s. 6d.).—Chaliapine (bass): *They guess the truth, Susannin's Aria*, and *Recitative and Finale of Susannin's Aria* from *A Life for the Tzar* (Glinka).

H.M.V.—D.B. 834 (12in., 8s. 6d.).—Apollo Granforte (baritone): *Largo al Factotum* from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rossini) and *O Lisbona* from *Don Sebastiano* (Donizetti).

H.M.V.—D.A. 714 (10in., 6s.).—Michele Fleta (tenor): *Amapola* (Lacalle) and *Bimba, non t'avvicinar* (Cortesi-Bettinelli).

H.M.V.—D.10424 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—Evelyn Scotney (soprano): *Dearest Name (Caro Nome)* from *Rigoletto* (Verdi) and *Ave Maria* from *Otello* (Verdi).

BRUNSWICK.—10166 (10in., 4s. 6d.).—Elisabeth Rethberg (soprano): *Au Printemps* (Gounod) and *Ye who have yearned alone* (Tchaikovsky).

BRUNSWICK.—30110 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—Mario Chamlee (tenor): *Hosanna* (Granier) and *Open the Gates of the Temple* (Knapp).

BRUNSWICK.—15096 (10in., 5s. 6d.).—Edith Mason (soprano): *Ancora un passo* from *Madama Butterfly* (Puccini) and *Air des Bijoux* (*Jewel Song*) from *Faust* (Gounod).

VOCALION.—A.0241 (12in., 5s. 6d.).—Luella Paikin (soprano): *Il dolce Suono*, the *Mad Scene* from *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Donizetti).

COLUMBIA.—7370 (12in., 8s. 6d.).—Dame Clara Butt (contralto): *Cleansing Fires* (Proctor and Gabriel) and *She wore a wreath of Roses* (Bayley and Knight).


"The House for Miniature Scores"

About Miniature Scores

Brass Instruments :—This group comprises :—

Horns.	Trombones.
Trumpets.	Tuba.

The *Horn* (*Ital.* Corno ; *Fr.* Cor).—This is in many ways the most important of the family of brass instruments. The horn is a very complicated instrument and is written for in various keys, the most general being horns in F and C. Beethoven, in the *Leonore Overture, No. 2*, uses two horns in C and two in E flat. Horns in C are written for as sounded, but an octave higher ; those in F transpose a perfect fifth lower, and those in E flat a major sixth lower. The old masters usually wrote for two horns only, but the general rule to-day is to use four, while some modern composers employ as many as eight. Closed or stopped notes are possible on the horns and are sometimes written thus

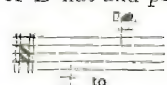
 As a solo instrument the horn is of a melancholy and dreamy character. It may also be used in lively passages and is especially adapted to "calls" or hunting music. The bassoons have a certain tonal affinity with the horns and blend well with them.

The *Trumpet* (*Ital.* Tromba ; *Ger.* Trompete ; *Fr.* Trompette).—The keys in which trumpets can be played are not so numerous as those used for the horn. The most usual keys employed are B flat, C, and A. Two trumpets are the general number in an orchestra and Beethoven in his work which is taken as a model uses those in C. Trumpets in B flat transpose a major second lower, those in C sound as written, and those in A transpose a minor third lower.

Very soft passages are possible and effective on the trumpet but should not be written high as the pressure of wind required to produce top notes forces the sound. The tone of the trumpet is brilliant and very penetrating and a single note can be distinctly heard above the whole mass of strings and wood-wind. It is not so well adapted to melodic passages though more modern composers write them for this instrument. For "calls" or "fanfares" the trumpet is perhaps unrivalled in the orchestra, as witness the well-known trumpet call behind the scenes in the Beethoven *Leonore Overture*.


The *Trombone* (*Ger.* Posaune ; *Fr.* Trombone).—The trombone is a "slide instrument"—that is, its tube can be lengthened at the player's will in order to obtain sounds of a different pitch. Three varieties of the trombone are generally used, the alto, tenor, and bass. These

are the three employed by Beethoven in the work above-mentioned. The mechanism of the instrument and the manner in which it is played is identical in all three ; the only difference is that of pitch.

The *Alto Trombone* is in the key of E flat and possesses a complete chromatic scale from  . The

lowest notes are not often used as they can be more easily produced and sound better on the tenor trombone.


The *Tenor Trombone*.—This is the most important of the three. Its natural pitch is in B flat or a perfect fourth below the alto trombone. Its compass is from

 with all chromatic intervals.

The *Bass Trombone*, unlike the alto and the tenor, is made in different sizes. Some are in G, a minor third below the

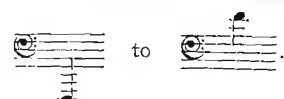
tenor trombone, the compass being 

and others are in F, one tone lower. It is unwise to write

below  for the bass trombone, as very low notes require a lot of wind and are very fatiguing to the player.

Unlike the horns and trumpets, the trombones are non-transposing instruments and the notes are always written at their actual pitch. Very rapid passages are not possible on the trombones. The tone of the instrument is noble and arresting, sonorous, rich and full. Trombones played softly and together in trio create a beautiful effect.

The *Tuba*.—Though this instrument is not met with in the scores of Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart, it belongs nevertheless to the brass group and may be said to form the bass of the trombones. It has a chromatic

compass from  . The tuba

is written as a non-transposing instrument. It is sometimes used for solo work but more frequently combined with the trombones to make a very effective four-part harmony. Rapid passages should be avoided in writing for this instrument.

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ADVT.
(To be continued.)

COLUMBIA.—X.328 (10in., 6s.).—**Stracciari** (baritone): **Prologue** from *Pagliacci* (Leoncavallo).

COLUMBIA.—L.1667 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—**Frank Mullings** (tenor): **Kathleen Mavourneen** (Crawford and Crouch) and **The Snowy-breasted Pearl** (de Vere and Robinson).

COLUMBIA.—D.1525 (10in., 4s. 6d.).—**Norman Allin** (bass): **Tavern Song** (Fisher) and **See the way you Rogues** from *Il Seraglio* (Mozart).

IMPERIAL.—1481 (10in., 2s.).—**Luigi Cilla** (tenor): **Lolita** (Buzzi-Peccia) and **Manon** (Massenet).

PARLOPHONE.—E.10362 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—**Margarethe Siems** (soprano): **Dies einzige Wörtlein**, and **Fritzi Jokl** (soprano): **Song of the Page** from *Les Huguenots* (Meyerbeer).

Amelita Galli-Curci.—This latest example of what is perhaps the most successful phase of Mme. Galli-Curci's art conquers in spite of the hackneyed nature of its subject. I am not sure whether the "Diva of Coloratura" reckons the Leonora of *Il Trovatore* among her active rôles, but after hearing this well-executed record I should certainly consider it as among the possibles. And, if we must have *Tacea la notte* yet once again, by all means let us have it sung as cleverly and authoritatively as it is here, with all imaginable ease, flexibility, and *verve*. Let it even begin, as this does, with that lovely *coda* of the recitative, *Come d'aurato sogno*, just to give it a new title and make it sound like something fresh; until we turn the disc over and there find our old friend the *cabaletta*, as familiar and brilliant as ever, but superbly sung by Galli-Curci, with her *blanche* but characteristic tone, and ending up on a marvellous E flat in *alt*.

Chaliapine.—The great Russian basso in the great air from the greatest of Russian national operas, Glinka's *Life for the Czar*. A *magnum opus*, truly, for everything is on the biggest possible scale. The air of Soussannine (as it ought to be written) is a wonderful piece of music and gives Chaliapine unlimited scope for the exercise of his art. No matter if you do not understand the language. The tremendous significance of accent, the tragic melancholy alternating with the animated outburst, the infinite variety of the treatment and contrast of colour, all combine to make up an overflowing measure of dramatic interest. And then the fullness and rotundity of the wonderful Chaliapine tone—perfectly recorded and excellently accompanied—you could have nothing better, no matter which side of the disc you play!

Apollo Granforte.—Use a half-tone needle for this record, which is powerful alike as a rendering and a reproduction. The voice is typically Italian; not absolutely steady, but nearly so; a shade throaty and over-darkened for so joyous, light-hearted an air as the *Largo al Factotum*. More comedy is needed and more contrast. The diction, however, is clear, even when the tone is at its loudest—I mean, when it is truly *granforte*. This sombre, funereal organ is much better suited by Donizetti's melancholy *O Lisbona*, in which it sounds remarkably well.

Michele Fleta.—It is the singer that is operatic, not the song. He presents two very ordinary Italian ditties, rather Neapolitan in cast, but in reality requiring a great deal more life and spirit, less "fading away" on every other note, than this tenor imparts to them. His style is tasteful and sympathetic, but not exactly inspiring. The accompaniments are quite prettily done.

Evelyn Scotney.—I have previously had occasion to write nice things about this artist in connection with the Vocalion, and therefore have positively nothing fresh to note concerning her *Caro Nome*, as sung for the H.M.V., except that it is in English, to an American translation, and somewhat difficult to make out at that. The *Ave Maria* is also given in our native tongue, and even less distinctly, which is a pity, for the singing of both pieces is quite on a high level.

Elisabeth Rethberg.—The lovely quality of this singer's voice is her most precious asset, whether on the stage or the gramophone. Her art, to my thinking, is not so wholly irreproachable—judging it, of course, from the standard of Elena Gerhardt and Julia Culp. In the Tchaikovsky song I find her a trifle monotonous, and it lies low for her. Moreover the pathetic accent is more apparent in her rich medium timbre than in the diction of Goethe's glorious lines. It should be equally touching and profound in both. Gounod composed *Au printemps* at Rome in 1840, when he was a passionate youth of 22. His graceful *chanson* calls for the *joie de vivre*; he

marked it to be sung *animé et avec entraînement*. I wonder whether Miss Rethberg took this sufficiently into account. For, after all, she is a very conscientious artist.

Mario Chamlee.—After hearing these two records I feel that I have heard the man himself. He is evidently used to filling vast spaces, and he gives you of his opulent tone without stint or reserve. It is a gigantic organ, and he knows it. Also it is a genuine tenor, and the *ff* high A is to him a mere trifle; but one wishes that there were just a little less "scooping" on the way to it. The *Hosanna* by Granier, sung in English, is a telling sort of semi-sacred song, and no doubt Mr. Chamlee's powerful rendering of it will be as popular as that of Knapp's *Open the gates*, which has the stirring march rhythm (and "then some") of *Onward Christian Soldiers*.

Edith Mason.—This accomplished soprano gives us a welcome change from the sempiternal *Un bel di*, in the shape of *Ancora un passo*, the ever-rising strain of gracious melody wherewith Madame Butterfly climbs the last bit of hill and announces her arrival at Lieut. Pinkerton's Nagasaki dwelling. She delivers it here with a clearness and purity of penetrating tone that would be lost at the back of the stage (indeed generally is), and winds it up with a faultless D flat as required by the score. The orchestral accompaniment is not equally beyond criticism, being quite discordant here and there. In the *Jewel Song* (without recitative) Miss Mason's vocalisation is no less artistic, while her tone is a model of steadiness.

Luella Paikin.—Yet another brilliant specimen to be added to the lengthy list of Mad Scenes. This one being from *Lucia* and extending the full length of both sides of a 12in. disc, is decidedly reasonable at 5s. 6d., for on the whole it is quite an admirable piece of work and amply justifies its issue. (I will not say "release," first, because I hate the word in its filmy sense, and, secondly, because poor Lucia was far too mad to have earned any but that which we know as the "happy" one.) Miss Paikin possesses a pleasing light soprano of considerable power, bright and clear in the head register, and displayed with a great deal of technical skill. Her scales are neat and accurate, she has an unusually good staccato; in fact, all the accessories essential for giving due effect to the *fiorituri* of Donizetti's demented heroine. The orchestral accompaniment is well balanced and the recording praiseworthy.

Dame Clara Butt.—The two old ballads with which the popular contralto enriches the Columbia catalogue are not unworthy of the honour. *Cleansing fires* suits her the better; it brings out the broad, resonant quality of her chest tone. On the other hand *She wore a wreath of roses*—properly speaking, a man's song—lies in a higher *tessitura*, and the effort thereby entailed imparts a pinched quality to the medium notes. In every way, therefore, I prefer the side of the disc which reminds me of that "remote star" of my youth, Virginia Gabriel. Her "cleansing fires" are still burning.

Riccardo Stracciari.—How well Stracciari sings the *Prologue* from *Pagliacci* our readers must by this time be fully aware. He has done it afresh for the Columbia on two sides of a 10in. disc, and put into the task all that is best of his excellent voice and method.

Frank Mullings.—I rather like these old ballads sung by favourite vocalists with voices of gigantic amplitude. It reminds one of the use of the Nasmyth steam hammer to crack a nut. But the result is good, especially when the well-known *tenore robusto* follows in the wake (and the style) of John McCormack and shows us how smooth and subdued and sustained he can be in things like *Kathleen Mavourneen* and the *Snowy-breasted* (pardon, *breasted*) *Pearl*.

Norman Allin.—Here the versatile English bass displays his command of worthy material. Treating his powerful organ discreetly, he achieves a crisp, humorous reading of the Mozart aria, with tolerably distinct words, and a really happy, jolly rendering of the *Tavern Song*, including capital low notes, all in the good old-fashioned drinking-ditty style. There are three verses, and the swinging triple rhythm is positively irresistible.

Luigi Cilla.—*Lolita*, being presumably Spanish, the veteran Buzzi-Peccia naturally endowed her with a lively *bolero* tune in the minor, to which the singer here imparts the no less natural strain of love-lorn sentiment. In the *Manon* the latter is a trifle more energetic and not quite so steady. But he has a charming voice, and altogether the record is well worth the price asked for it.

Margarethe Siems and Fritzi Jokl.—Comment upon these excerpts from *Les Huguenots*, sung in German by the above artists, appears in my current article on Meyerbeer's opera.

HERMAN KLEIN.

SONGS

VOCALION.

- B.3119 (10in., 4s.).—John Coates (tenor): *It was a lover and his lass* (Morley), *Lawn as white as driven snow* (Linley), and *Blow, blow, thou winter wind* (Quilter). Piano, Berkeley Mason.
- X.9628 (10in., 3s.).—Olga Haley (mezzo-soprano): *I love thee* (Grieg) and *Les Trois Princesses* (Vuillermoz).
- X.9629 (10in., 3s.).—Enid Cruickshank (contralto): *A slumber song of the Madonna* (Michael Head) and *Recompense* (Wilfred Sanderson).
- X.9630 (10in., 3s.).—Malcolm McEachern (bass): *Captain Blaze* (Richards) and *The old shepherd* (Wilfred Sanderson).
- X.9631 (10in., 3s.).—Morlais Morgan (baritone): *Ring, bells, ring* (Maude E. Day) and *St. Nicholas-at-Wade* (Kennedy Russell).

Coates.—It is hard to apply one's critical faculties to John Coates. Even when the medium of the gramophone intervenes between him and his audience, his personality seems to invade everything he sings, so that no matter how much he plays with a song, everything seems just right. *It was a lover and his lass* is, of course, treated simply (though subtly) and Linley's song is declaimed just as one would expect of Autolycus, the hawker. But *Blow, blow, thou winter wind* receives such treatment as would, with almost any other singer, become sheer distortion. Yet somehow it "comes off," and the whole record is a delight. The Morley favourite is, by the way, "edited," by whom I do not know; but it is, to say the least, a very free treatment.

Haley.—*I love thee* is a valuable addition to Olga Haley's records, despite lack of rhythmic continuity, partly the accompanist's fault. *Les Trois Princesses* is a delicious French song, of the bergerette type—in fact, I imagine Vuillermoz is only responsible for its delightful accompaniment.

Cruickshank.—This contralto of wireless fame should prove a great asset to the Vocalion Company. On this record her richly-coloured voice gives a fine rendering of the *Slumber Song*, which has a certain beauty. *Recompense* is Sanderson at about his best.

McEachern.—*Captain Blaze* was a bold buccaneer, and McEachern's great voice does full justice to him and to *The old Shepherd*. But we need some more solos of the Handelian type from McEachern, especially one or two of Purcell's mighty songs.

Morgan.—*Ring, bells, ring* seems to me to just miss being a really good song; it is rather pedestrian. *St. Nicholas-at-Wade* is a "hearty" song. This is a good record of a very fair performance.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

- E.395 (10in., 4s. 6d.).—Derek Oldham (tenor): *Who is Sylvia?* (Schubert) and *The Cruskeen Lawn* (folk-song).
- C.1212 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Peter Dawson (bass-baritone): *The Kerry Dance* (Molloy) and *The Traveller* (Godard).
- E.398 (10in., 4s. 6d.).—Walter Widdop (tenor): *Nos. 2 and 3 of Songs of love and youth* (Manson), *A Birthday* and *Hence away, begone*.
- B.2034 (10in., 3s.).—Sydney Coltham (tenor): *The Little Green Balcony* (Coates) and *When I'm home again* (D. Wood).

Oldham.—This is the best record that I know of Schubert's lovely song. It is a good interpretation well recorded, though I feel it is rather matter-of-fact, and taken with too much of a swing; this song wants more *singing*, more *legato*. The enunciation is good, but does Derek Oldham whistle his sibilants, or is the fault in the recording? *The Cruskeen Lawn* is best described by its line, "My charming little Cruskeen Lawn." Its fascination grows.

Dawson.—In *The Kerry Dance*, a rapid Irish jig (or reel?), I tried to count the number of hold-ups in one verse, but had to give it up; by the end of a verse rhythm has ceased to exist. Peter Dawson gets the rapid words over almost perfectly, and in the other, quasi-*Erl King* song his interpretation is much better.

Widdop.—The powerful tenor voice of Walter Widdop records very effectively. Here is a setting probably as good as any of Christina Rossetti's *A Birthday*. Both of these Manson songs have life and spirit, though they may not be really great music.

Coltham.—These are two songs of a type still popular in many English drawing-rooms. Sydney Coltham records them well.

BELTONA.

- 820 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Alice Richardson (soprano): *Hark! the echoing air* from *The Fairy Queen* (Purcell) and *Spring* (Henschel).
- 776 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Elliot Dobie (bass): *Lock the door, Lariston* (arr. Diaek) and *Hurrah for the Highlands* (Fulcher).
- 7000 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Herbert Thorpe (tenor) and Harry Brindle (bass): *The Two Beggars* and *Tenor and Baritone* (both by Lane Wilson).
- 6001 (10in., 3s.).—Fred Sutcliffe (baritone): *The Lute Player* (Allitsen) and *Love's old sweet song* (Molloy).

Richardson.—There is, I believe, only one record besides this of *Hark! the echoing air*, one of the finest of Purcell's florid solos; and I consider this is the better of the two records. Alice Richardson makes this very difficult music sound almost easy, and there is hardly a blemish, though "triumph" occasionally becomes "tri-yumph." *Spring*, too, is a delightful song of its type—a type which generally, but not here, descends to the inane. Altogether, this is a record not to be missed by anyone with a gramophone and a spare half-crown.

Dobie.—The performance and recording of this may be a little crude, but *Lock the door, Lariston*, has value as a sturdy, rugged Scots song, and its contrast with the comic cheap imitation on the other side is an object-lesson.

Thorpe and Brindle.—*The two Beggars* is a mildly amusing burlesque of two "poor" beggars. Its success depends entirely on one's hearing the words, which, on this record, are clear enough when one knows it, but cannot all be caught at first hearing. *Tenor and Baritone* is a Gilbert and Sullivan imitation. Unless superlative this kind of thing can be fatuous; readers should try this one, and judge for themselves.

Sutcliffe.—*The Lute Player* conveys a sense of unsophisticated sophistication. It is given a good performance and recording, without any subtlety. *Love's old sweet song* is very touching.

COLUMBIA.

- 9052 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Carrie Herwin (contralto) with orchestra: *Mélisande in the Wood* (Goetz) and *She is far from the land* (Lambert).
- 3728 (10in., 3s.).—Harold Williams (baritone) with orchestra: *Wondering why* (Clarke) and *Little brown cottage* (Dickson).
- D.1526 (10in., 4s. 6d.).—Hubert Eisdell (tenor): *The Valley of Roses* (Haydn Wood) and *Yearning* (Eric Coates).

Herwin.—This record will appeal to anyone who considers that Goetz's well-known song is worthy of the honour here bestowed upon it. The orchestration is good and effective. The singing is rather uneventful and there is much wobble. The words and interpretation are good. The song on the other side is poorer.

Williams.—*Wondering why* gives one much to wonder at; why, for instance, should an orchestra be used at all? It is not even effective. In both songs Harold Williams sings with rather a hard tone, but otherwise he is efficient.

Eisdell.—Hubert Eisdell seems able to adapt himself to any type of song. Here he assumes the correct style for songs about roses and yearnings. His enunciation is good, on the whole.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- PARLOPHONE.—E.10363 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Irmiler Madrigal Choir: *Sah ein Knab' Röslein steh'n* (Werner) and *Das Veilchen* (Mozart).

BRUNSWICK.—2839 (10in., 3s.).—Elizabeth Lennox (contralto) with orchestra: *I cannot sing the old songs* (Claribel) and *Elizabeth Lennox and Frank Munn* (tenor) with orchestra: *Juanita* (Norton).

Irmiler Madrigal Choir.—This ladies' choir continues to give us the choicest of choral records. This is German music at its best, serene and restful. But we still await madrigals from this Madrigal Choir.

Lennox and Munn.—I cannot imagine a better attempt at singing the old songs than this. Some of the best orchestral effects are there, too; the celesta is in fine form.

C. M. C.

BAND RECORDS

ACO.—G.15733 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—**Scottish Co-Operative Wholesale Society Brass Band : The Bells of Ouseley** (J. Ord Hume) and **The Joywheel** (E. Sutton) (trombone soloist, Mr. Wm. McCubbery).

ACO.—G.15734 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—**Band of H.M. Welsh Guards: Americana Suite: When Malindy Sings** (Thurban) and **The Great Little Army** (Alford).

BELTONA.—828 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—**The Palm Beach Players: Let it Rain** and **The Sunny South Dance Orchestra: Sweet Georgina Brown**.

H.M.V.—C.1215 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—**Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards: Suite by William Byrd—No. 1, The Earle of Oxford's Marche; No. 5, Wolsey's Wilde; No. 6, The Bells** (arr. Gordon Jacob).

VOCALION.—K.05188 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—**Band of H.M. Life Guards: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1** (Liszt). Parts 1 and 2.

ZONOPHONE.—2596 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—**Black Diamonds Band: Rose Marie Selection** (Friml) and **No, No, Nanette Selection** (Youmans).

Mr. McCubbery is an excellent trombone player, but I do not think he produces such a crisp, firm tone as Mr. Harold Laycock of the St. Hilda Colliery Band in the *Joywheel*, and he cracks on one difficult note about the middle of the record. The recording, however, is rather fuller than that of the Zonophone record of this solo issued a year or two ago. *Bells of Ouseley* is by no means one of Mr. Ord Hume's best efforts, being a mere "pot-boiler." The playing is a little rough, but the recording is so good that in spite of an enormous volume of sound there is not a trace of blast.

When *Malindy Sings* is a well-known number and will be a popular issue. The *Great Little Army*, which goes with a real swing, is typical of the many excellent marches written by Mr. Alford. It is played with verve and precision and appeals to my sense of rhythm much more than the two fox-trots which have apparently been sent to me by mistake, neither of which arouses in me any unsuspected Terpsichorean desire. Judging by the horrid noises I have heard from some of the most popular dance bands, I should say that the recording is faultless and in the hope that a copy of this record has also reached Richard Herbert, I shall look for his authentic and more unbiased verdict with interest.

Lovers of military band music owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Gordon Jacob for having added something really fresh to the limited repertoire by this splendid arrangement of a suite of William Byrd's keyboard music. This record cannot be praised too highly, but I am afraid that it may meet with opposition from two sources at least. Firstly, those who do not know the music of this period are apt to condemn it as dull and even monotonous before they have heard it often enough to appreciate the structure and inner beauties; and, secondly, the purist may be offended by the translation to the unfamiliar medium of a military band. I appeal to both these classes to buy this record and persevere with it quietly at home, when many (taste being what it is, I cannot say all) will be rewarded by the realisation of the charm of this old music. The recording is excellent and the playing appropriately and tastefully restrained. One word of advice to those unfamiliar with the music: Listen carefully to the inner parts and use a medium needle.

The brilliance of Liszt's music makes it very suitable for a military band, and the *First Rhapsody*, directed by Lieutenant Eldridge, with a very effective and quite appropriate air of virtuosity, is no exception. The clarinets in certain places on the second side are a bit too prominent, but having heard, quite recently, the Life Guards' Band play this and other music that they have recorded, I have been able to make a very instructive comparison and, as a result, am more impressed than ever by the faithfulness to the original of most of their records.

Being still on holiday when writing this and having heard selections from the newer musical comedies *ad nauseam*, I feel unusually competent to pass an opinion on the new Zonophone record. Both the selection from *Rose Marie* and that from *No, No, Nanette* are necessarily very short with the result that the latter is rather scrappy, not being very well arranged. In spite of this the record is distinctly good and splendid value for half a crown.

W. A. C.

MISCELLANEOUS RECORDS

Someone asked not long ago, in THE GRAMOPHONE, for a record by **Jack Hobbs** as a pendant to the H.M.V. Lenglen record. And here it is on *Columbia* 3741 (3s.), *My Cricket Record*. Of course it is as fair to ask the King of the Willow to sing *Salce, Salce* as to make an interesting record of a string of banal typewritten sentences. But still, it is interesting to know that he has always considered 37 to be his lucky number; and for various reasons one must get this record. Every word can be heard clearly.

Speaking of clearness, it is astonishing to me how high the level is among comedians and singers of the light songs. **George Robey** is faultless in two foolish songs from *Sky high* (Col. 3727, 3s.) and so is **Stanley Lupino** in those amusing songs, *Could Lloyd George do it?* and *That just gets me out on the day* (Col. 3718, 3s.). **Billy Jones** and **Ernest Hare** (Parlo. E.5427, 2s. 6d.) are good in *As a porcupine pines for its pork* and *We're gonna have weather, whether or no*, and **George Berry** (Imperial 1436, 2s.) and **W. H. Berry** (Col. 3725, 3s.) are worth noting. **Turner Layton** (with Johnstone at the piano, no doubt) is at his good best in *Lil' Gal* (Col. 3731, 3s.), but drags *Mighty lak' a rose* too much for my taste. Of several versions of *Ukulele Lady* I prefer **Vaughn de Leath**, an American comedienne, with ukulele and violin accompaniment, on Col. 3720, 3s.; but the song on the other side is less attractive. *Sally's come back* is essentially a Melville Gideon song, and neither **George Scott** (Aco. G.15745, 2s. 6d.) nor **Eric Laurence** (Imp. 1485, 2s.) nor **Arthur Cox** (Zono. 2598, 2s. 6d.) is satisfactory; but the last is the best of the three.

Mario Chamlee is a distinguished operatic tenor in America; and when he sings the Indian lullaby, *Dream on*, and that fascinating fox-trot *Me Neenyah* (Brunswick 10158, 4s. 6d.), one probably expects too much. But he has not the gift of condescension or comprehension—as McCormack would have in the same circumstance; and though the record is well worth hearing, I doubt if it will be as popular as, for instance, Virginia Rea condescending to the *Rose Marie Love Call* last month.

Aileen Stanley made a great hit in England at the Hippodrome (where I heard her) and the Kit-Kat Club, and doubtless elsewhere. I didn't much care for her stage presence and detest the type of *Make Hay Hay* song which she has recorded on H.M.V. B.2106 (3s.). But on the other side she sings the washiest foolishness, *If you hadn't gone away*, with such real appeal, that I own myself converted. If only for the magnificent recording this record would be sought after; but it is otherwise desirable too. The same recording, especially good of the piano, distinguishes Miss Stanley's other record, H.M.V. 2087 (3s.), but in this I find the American twang trying to the ear, and the poverty of the songs disheartening. Others will probably disagree.

There is no need to recommend Col. 3726 (3s.). It is enough to say that it is a **Milton Hayes** and that Monty continues to meander about burglars and silk stockings. It is well up to standard.

Max Darowski gives us two piano extracts from *Clo-Clo, I'll dream of you*, a waltz, and *Till the band goes home*, a fox-trot, on Zono. 2601 (2s. 6d.). Probably Richard Herbert will recommend it in his dance notes; but I must add my vote from a non-dancer's point of view. Such rhythm and accomplishment are rare. **Carroll Gibbons** and **Arthur Young** play piano duets—I've got a *little bungalow* and *Just Hot*—with immense verve on Vocalion X.9634 (3s.)—another excellent record. There's a saxophone solo, *Lanette*, waltz *Caprice*, played by **Al Starita** on Col. 3723 (3s.), with real feeling; and the popular *I love the moon* is on the other side. Xylophone records by **Harry Jordan** (Col. 3724, 3s.) and **Billy Whitlock** (Parlo. E.5425, 2s. 6d.) are good of their kind; and **Ferrera** and **Franchini** on Aco. G.15740 (2s. 6d.) and **Frank Ferrera** and **John Poaluki** on Imperial 1480 (2s.) scoop pleasantly in the Hawaiian manner. I strongly recommend **Earl Collins** accompanying himself on a ukulele in two American songs (Vocalion X.9635, 3s.) if you liked Nick Lucas on Brunswick last month. Perhaps not otherwise.

Jean Lensen and his **Orchestra** did well to choose two Reynaldo Hahn trifles, *D'une Prison* and *Reverie*, for recording on Col. 3732 (3s.). They have great delicacy in the French manner. The **J. H. Squire Celeste Octet** play *Passione* (a charming piece, but quite well enough done by de Groot) and *One hour of Love* on Col. 3722 as well as usual; and from *Columbia* come also four admirable selections (4s. 6d. each) by the **London Theatre Orchestra** of *Clo Clo* (9049), *On with the dance* (9050), *Dear little Billie* (9053), and *By the way* (9054). These can all be recommended as satisfying records of ephemeral tunes.

PEPPERING.

DANCE NOTES

By Richard Herbert

DURING the last few weeks I have discovered with terrible certainty that it is the worst tunes that stay longest in my head. Whether it is that there are one or two particularly bad tunes which have recurred with unusual frequency, I cannot say, but only squirm at the obvious retort. This at least is true, that the worst tunes are usually most repetitive in themselves, and it is this crudely monotonous drumming into a man's brain which is so very trying. However, I suppose one must expect *some* bad tunes among one hundred and thirty-eight, and that is the number which I have listened to this month. Who will dare to say that there is a wane in the appeal of syncopated music! For August and September are usually regarded as off months for dancing, and I might have expected only, at most, a normal number of records instead of this unprecedented harvest which I am bold enough to label as a little poor in quality. If the noise of the bands has lessened at all during the summer months, it has only been in order to allow the prophets and teachers and pundits to have their hearing, and the musicians to rest from their old rhythms in order to learn the new. The prophets still proclaim the imminence of a revival of the waltz and tango, and the immediate popularity of the Charleston. But dancers—I mean mere amateurs—are still divided about the first, diffident about the second, and rather frightened of the third which appears to them intricate and difficult to learn. This diffidence about the tango will, I think, soon change into enthusiasm for it, now that a move has been made by some of the more enterprising managements, such as the Savoy Hotel, to employ a tango band. English bands have never properly adapted themselves to the tango—many, indeed, could not—and this seemed the only practicable way of satisfying a demand which has been very real, although not particularly loud in expressing itself. Personally I have never had any doubt about it at all, because for me the tango has quite the most captivating rhythm. Nevertheless I have had sudden panic on one or two occasions about the frequency of my mentioning in these notes what it has occurred to me may be of little interest to readers of this page. If there are any who have since come to the tango with new interest I am more than satisfied, and more than proud and happy. About the Charleston my feelings are at present a little mixed. Perhaps this is because the bands have not yet completely mastered its rhythm. But intricate steps of the kind which are being used for the dance at present have never appealed to me, and I have regarded them as too finical for a hard-worked man to learn. Oh, what a trying time we shall have with our partners! Well, these 138 tunes, which one might expect to illustrate the prophecies of the past weeks, tell us little. The waltz remains just about where it was before, with twelve tunes; the one-step has three; the blues, one fox-trot in blues time; the tango, three; and the new Charleston, or Charleston fox-trot, as it is more usually called, ten. This certainly suggests that an effort is to be made with the rather dubious Charleston which first appeared on a gramophone record, designated as such, last month. But there are other statistics which are more startling and cause greater anxiety. These show that a very much higher proportion of tunes now have some kind of vocal accompaniment, which is usually monstrously bad—this, at least, is the universal opinion of the armchair critic, who is, perhaps, in the best position to judge the matter aesthetically. Why on earth one should put up with a wretchedly incompetent singer simply because one happens to be dancing at the moment, it is beyond my intelligence to explain. If it is that one is too occupied with other things and other thoughts, I can only say that surely one could be *better* occupied with those same things and those same thoughts if, even only subconsciously, one were listening to fine singing? I agree with Mr. Gayton who wrote on the subject last month; why any vocal chorus at all? And why must we dance for the most part to music written for a different specific purpose? Feeling runs high, so I will say no more of this for the moment for fear of running short of space.

Coming back to the records which I chose as the best in this month's list, I find that two of the chosen fox-trots reflect the opinion which I have just expressed, although I was not conscious, at the time, of selecting them for the reason that they were arranged specially for dancing—*Hungaria* and *Egyptian Echoes*, both played by the Rhythmic Orchestra (Brunswick 2828), and *Temple Bells* and *Kashmiri*, both played by Greening's Dance Orchestra (Imperial 1479). I like the Rhythmic Orchestra almost as well as I like the arrangement of the tunes by Frank Black. The band despises tricks and plays the beautiful melodies of

Hungaria with unusual artistry. *Egyptian Echoes* is little inferior. I have written about the Indian love lyrics before, but that was when *Kashmiri* and *Temple Bells* appeared separately on H.M.V. records. Here we have both together and for two shillings! I will not pretend that the recording is quite as good, but Greening's Dance Orchestra is first class, and this is a bargain. The Aeolian Company issues two numbers from "*Mercenary Mary*," the new musical show which is touring the provinces before coming to London to attempt to fulfil the prophecies which have been made for its success. *Mercenary Mary* and *Honey, I'm in love with you*, the former played by Geoffrey Goodhart, and the latter by the Ambassadors (Voc. X.9640). The title piece is quite a pleasant tune, well played, but the other has more to it than that, for it has a catchy tune with a most pronounced and unusual rhythm suggestive of the Charleston. It is, moreover, superbly played. This, I should think, is the tune that will make the show if there is none better. The Parlophone record of the same tune falls a little below this version. The Beltona Company issues one specially good record—*My blushing rose* and *Lady of my cigarette*, both played by the Virginia Dance Orchestra (Beltona 826). This band, a very good one that despises unnecessary tricks, has fine quality in its strings and saxophones, and splendid rhythm. This version of *Lady of my cigarette*, a tune which wears well, is quite the best that I have heard. The Denza Dance Band follows up its earlier successes by *In purple twilight* and *Oriental Moon* (Columbia 3713). The first is full of life and has amazingly good definition, the piano part being especially realistic; the second picturesque. Greening's Dance Orchestra, which I praised above, plays another tune which has a really beautiful melody—*June* and *Bouquet* (Imperial 1478). This band reminds me of another good band which I have missed lately, and that is the Continental Dance Orchestra. When are we, I wonder, to be treated to a sequel to *Tropical Palms*? The new Vincent Lopez—*Someone loves you after all* and *Stepping out* (Parlophone E.5418)—is a worthy successor to those given us in the past, but is not quite so convincing as some others that I could mention. But there is another Parlophone record which stands out from the rest for its rhythm and melody and is played rather appropriately by the Melody Sheiks—*Lady of the Nile*, on the reverse side being *All aboard for Heaven* (E.5424), a good version which reminds me that I look forward to another record by Meyer Davis' Le Paradis Band. The Isham Jones Orchestra also plays *Lady of the Nile* with beautiful precision (Brunswick 2833). Another Brunswick record which at least deserves mention if only for its associations is *Sing a song* and *With you, dear, in Bombay* (2912). Both these tunes are composed by Charlie Chaplin and conducted by him when played by Abe Lyman's Orchestra. Mr. Chaplin certainly does another man's job very much better than most people and scores a real success with *Sing a song*. The other tune seems to me to be more derivative, and smacks of the oriental school. I wonder who will be the first to write a thesis on this subject! The Aeolian Company gives us three other fox-trot records which deserve to be mentioned separately—*Pango Pango Maid* and *Cheatin' on me* (Vocalion X.9618) and *Yearning* and *I had someone else before I had you* (Vocalion X.9603), all played by Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra, and *Where is that girl who was stolen from me* and *Ah, Ha!* both played by Geoffrey Goodhart and his Orchestra. *Yearning* is especially good; and this version of *Ah, Ha!* persuades me into believing it a better tune than I thought before; but it is Ben Bernie's saxophones which interest me most, as he seems to be able to do all sorts of things that I have never heard done before.

There is one supremely poignant tango played by Moschetto and his Orchestra at the Savoy Hotel—*Le tango du rêve* and *Canta il grillo* (Vocalion X.9613), and two others of rather a different kind played by the Carlton Hotel Dance Orchestra—*The new Empress* and *I dream of a castle in Spain* (Zonophone 2605). The first almost makes me weep, and inspires me, like Chopin's dead march, with a wonderful happiness; the other two merely fascinate, an accomplishment good enough but of a different sphere.

I will refrain this month from condemning the one-step as a dance in order to praise the tunes of two records issued this month. The first is a twelve-inch Parlophone—*Abdulla* and *Come and Dance with me* (fox-trot), played by Marek Weber and his famous orchestra (Parlo. E.10359, 4s. 6d.), the second *Sea Songs Medley* and *Why couldn't it be poor little me* (fox-trot), both played by the Savoy Orpheans (H.M.V. B.2103). Marek Weber is happier with one-steps than with fox-trots and plays at his best; the Savoy Orpheans just surpass themselves, the "Tom Bowling" air being superbly played, and the whole one of the most convincing records that I have ever listened to.

Waltzes are once again poor in quality with the single exception of the **Parlophone**, 12in. record, **E.10358**, **Viennese Life Waltz** and **Nachfalter Waltz**, both of which should be sufficient to inspire the most cold-blooded dancer in the world. But this is judging by a high standard which it is difficult to support, and the following must also be mentioned: *Un peu d'amour* and *Mighty lak' a rose* (the Gilt-Edged Four, Columbia 3712); *Why don't my dreams come true* (Percival Mackey's Band, Columbia 3729); *June brought the roses* (the House Band, Imperial 1475); *Midnight Waltz* (Miami Marimba Band, Vocalion X.9605); *Pal of my cradle days* (Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra, H.M.V. B.2099); *The kiss I can't forget* (International Novelty Orchestra, H.M.V. B.2108).

The **Charleston** is already a boon to the dance teacher, but not yet to the mere chronicler who has only three tunes to mention: **Sweet Georgia Brown** (the Denza Dance Band, Columbia 3717); *Hey hey! Hee hee! I'm Charleston crazy* (Geoffrey Goodhart and his Orchestra, Vocalion X.9617); and *The original Charleston* (Hannan Dance Band, Columbia 3716) or plain *Charleston* (the Six Black Diamonds, Imperial 1477). The Columbia record has on the other side a version of *All aboard for Heaven* played with refreshingly good taste and without vocal chorus. Of the Charlstones the first mentioned is easily the best.

N.B.—The names of the best records are all given above in the course of the article and are printed in heavy type; second best in *italics*. All are 10in. records unless mention is made to the contrary, and their respective prices are to be found detailed below. In this list an attempt is made to indicate comparative merit by means of asterisks, as there is not sufficient space to mention each record in detail. All are fox-trots unless otherwise noted.

ACO (10in., 2s. 6d.).

G.15749.—***I can't realise and **Let it rain, let it pour* (the Cleveland Society Orchestra).

G.15750.—***Lady of my cigarette* (The Old Virginians) and **Sweet Georgia Brown* (Charleston fox-trot) (the Ohio Novelty Band).

G.15752.—*Colorado Nights* and *In a little bungalow* (vocal) (Jeffries and his Rialto Orchestra).

G.15753.—***Isn't she the sweetest thing* (vocal—good) and **Charleston* (Jeffries and his Rialto Orchestra).

G.15754.—**Because of you* and **If you knew Susie like I know Susie* (Jeffries and his Rialto Orchestra).

BELTONE (10in., 2s. 6d.).

825.—**Can't your friend get a friend for me* (Virginia Dance Orchestra) and *Panama* (Southern States Dance Band).

828.—**Let it rain* (the Palm Beach Players) and **Sweet Georgia Brown* (Charleston fox-trot) (Sunny South Dance Orchestra).

BRUNSWICK (10in., 3s.).

2215.—***Old pal* and ***Sun-kissed cottage in California* (Oriole Orchestra).

2832.—**Way down home* and **Off and gone* (Oriole Orchestra).

2834.—*Please be good to my old girl* and *I don't want to get married* (Carl Fenton's Orchestra). Both have vocal choruses.

2842.—**Florida* and **Lady of my cigarette* (Bennie Krueger's Orchestra).

2847.—**We're back together again* and *I'll take her back if she wants to come back* (vocal). Ray Miller and his orchestra.

COLUMBIA (10in., 3s.).

3709.—**Just a little drink* (vocal) and **When you and I were seventeen* (waltz) (Percival Mackey's Band).

3710.—**Sally's come back* (vocal) (Percival Mackey's Band) and **I can't realise* (the Gilt-Edged Four).

3711.—**Tell all the world* (the Gilt-Edged Four) and *Knock at the door* (vocal) (Percival Mackey's Band).

3715.—**I wouldn't be where I am* and ***Flag that train* (to *Alabam'*) (the Denza Dance Band).

3730.—*Yes, Sir! That's my baby* (vocal) and *Ukulele Lady* (the Denza Dance Band).

3733.—***One smile* and **Let me linger longer in your arms* (vocal) (the Denza Dance Band).

H.M.V. (10in., 3s.).

B.2088.—**She's drivin' me wild* and *Babette* (waltz, vocal) (Jack Hylton and his Orchestra).

B.2089.—**Southern Rose* and **Ukulele Lady* (vocal) (Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra).

B.2090.—***Hello! 'Tucky* and ***Collegiate* (both vocal, Savoy Orpheans).

B.2100.—**Can't your friend find a friend for me* and *Alone at last* (Jack Hylton's Kit-Cat Band).

B.2101.—**My sugar* and **Milenburg Joys* (Jack Hylton's Kit-Cat Band).

B.2102.—**Oh, that sweet in Suite 16* and ***Swanee Butterfly* (Savoy Orpheans).

B.2104.—***Steppin' in Society* and **Let me linger longer in your arms* (vocal) (Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra).

B.2110.—***In a garden of to-morrow* and ***Yes, Sir! that's my baby* (vocal) (Jack Hylton and his Orchestra).

PARLOPHONE (10in., 2s. 6d.).

E.5419.—*Don't bring Lulu* and *Arabella* (the Parlophone Syncopaters).

E.5420.—***Ukulele Lady* (the Melody Sheiks) and ***Hong Kong dream girl* (the Red Hotters).

E.5421.—***Honey, I'm in love with you* and **Yes, Sir! That's my baby* (the Goofus Five).

E.5422.—**By the light of the stars* and **Just a little drink* (both vocal) (the Tickle Toe Ten).

E.5423.—**What is the use!* and **I found a way to love you* (the Red Hotters).

VOCALION (10in., 3s.).

X.9604.—*Don't bring Lulu* (Ben Selvin and his Orchestra) and **Just a little drink* (the Tuxedo Orchestra) (both vocal).

X.9614.—***Charleston* and ***Shanghai Shuffle* (both piano duets by Carroll Gibbons and Arthur Young).

X.9619.—**Oh, Vera!* and **Twilight, the stars and you* (both vocal) (the Ambassadors).

X.9624.—**If you knew Susie like I know Susie* (vocal) (Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra) and ***The Flapper Wife* (the Night Club Orchestra).

X.9625.—**Isn't she the sweetest thing* (Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra) and ***Charleston* (Ben Selvin and his Orchestra).

X.9626.—**The Melody that made you mine* (waltz) (Miami Marimba Band) and **By the light of the stars* (Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra).

ZONOPHONE (10in., 2s. 6d.).

2607.—**Follow the swallow* and **Me and the boy friend* (the Romaine Dance Orchestra).



A Cambridge Society

Will Cambridge readers please note that an attempt will be made next term to form a Cambridge University Recorded Music Society? Communications should be addressed to L. B. Neal, Esq., Byways, W. Lulworth, Wareham, Dorset.

Nicolas Nadejin

All over the country our readers are gradually getting an opportunity to hear the voice of "our" Russian baritone, who not only broadcasts occasionally, but is touring with Madame Lydia Kyasht's company in one of the best entertainments possible to devise—"A la Russe." The London staff who saw the company at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, last month are unanimous in saying that though Nicolas Nadejin is marvellous, he is only part of a first-rate show, so cheerful and varied and instinct with the real touch of art throughout, that we need not hesitate to recommend it to all our readers who have the opportunity of seeing it.

CORRESPONDENCE

De Gustibus Non Est Disputandum.

[All letters and manuscripts should be written on one side only of the paper and should be addressed to the Editor, The Gramophone, 58, Frith Street, London, W.1. The writer's full name and address must be given. A stamped envelope must be enclosed if an answer or the return of the manuscript is desired. The Editor wishes to emphasise the obvious fact that the publication of letters does not imply his agreement with the views expressed by correspondents.]

RECORDS AND REVIEWS.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—I have such a lively appreciation of the reviews of records which appear in THE GRAMOPHONE month by month that I hesitate to write anything in the way of criticism. Good as they are, however, I feel that those reviews could be made so much more useful that I venture to put my suggestions before you. There was a time when the utmost pressure was necessary to induce the recording companies to produce works of good standard, and I would be the last person to under-estimate the service which THE GRAMOPHONE and its reviewers have given to the public in this respect. But now that that pressure has begun to have its effect it is more than ever important to study and pass judgment on the records as records. The danger of gramophones is not so much that they may encourage people to like bad music, but rather that they may set up a false standard of what recorded music ought to sound like.

Is it too much, then, to ask your reviewers to devote less of their space to musical history and analyses and rather more to recording qualities? After all, there are many text-books from which we can derive a good deal of information about the composers, the actual works, and even the performers. The bulletins and leaflets issued by the companies also give good service in this way. But we can only look to the reviewer to get an independent opinion (in advance) of the quality of the playing, singing, and recording. That is why some of us find the Editor's quarterly reviews so useful. May I ask, too, that too much importance be not attached to the ease with which an orchestral record enables one to follow the score? In my view it is far more important that the instrumental quality and general balance should be right than that one should be able to hear distinctly "those three toots on the flute" which are shown in the score.

Perhaps I may make my meaning clear by referring to two recent reviews. On page 89 the latest Flonzaley record received the most lavish praise. It is indeed a delightful work, well played, but I am quite sure that the recording is not up to the same high standard I have played the record on a number of combinations. On most the 'cello has a banjo-like quality which is not very pleasant; this can be reduced to some extent by using a different combination, but then the violins become fluty. I may have been unlucky, but if so I am not the only unfortunate. Several of my friends have had the same experience. On the other hand, I find that the review of H.M.V. C.1210 on page 142 does the record less than justice. The recording is certainly said to be first rate, but it is something more than that; it is a revelation of what the new system is capable. I venture to say that we have never had a record in which the atmosphere and balance of an orchestra is so well reproduced. On the right combination the strings have all that "grasshopper" quality which Mr. Gilman mentions on page 148 (perhaps a little too much so?) and do really sound like massed strings and not like one or two penny whistles. The brass, tympani, and tambourines are equally effective. If the new recording can do so much in its experimental stages, gramophonists have every reason to be optimistic about the future.

In conclusion may I give your readers the benefit of a little inductive reasoning which some of my friends have been doing? It appears to me that the H.M.V. records made under the new system are distinguished by a small triangle after the matrix number.

Putney.

Yours truly,

P. WILSON.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—This may be news! A new recording process is now being used by Victor over here. The first of these records to be issued in your lists is that in the July H.M.V. supplement of the

Gems from No, No, Nanette (C.1205). Your reviewer noticed the difference (July issue, page 92). There is another *Gems* which you may get and a number of P. Whiteman dance records. More important, Rachmaninoff has recorded Liszt's *Polonaise in E major* (6504) by the new method. The records are distinguished by a small V.E. stamped in the record above the label. The triumph, however, was the *Danse Macabre* of St. Saëns by the Philadelphia Symphony Orch. (6505). Hear it by all means—such vitality in the strings, such resiliency of expression, it tends to make other orchestra records sound like monotones. And overtones seem to leap in the air for joy. Imagine the possibilities now in recording classics, symphonies, and string quartets.

I understand that Victor will not make a public announcement until fall. Perhaps your H.M.V. has made some of the new recordings, and issued them quietly. You can see how lost I am over here not being able to examine their recent releases for a distinguishing mark, or to hear them before ordering.

Sincerely yours,

Minneapolis.

K. E. BRITZIUS.

THE PRICE OF RECORDS.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

SIR,—A letter from Mr. Norman Snaith appeared in THE GRAMOPHONE recently on this important subject, but I think that it synchronised with the reductions effected by the Columbia people. Yet, although that reduction is all to the good, Mr. Snaith's main point, *who can afford to buy complete symphonies and quartets*, remains where it was.

I regard the matter from a perhaps unusual and I daresay unbusinesslike standpoint. It must, of course, be assumed that the difference between the price of the ordinary 12in. record and that of an orchestra conducted by a celebrity is largely due to fees and royalties. This difference seems to average 2s. 6d. or so. But must this extra cost be multiplied by five or six when we get a complete work? Surely our best musical people do not expect five times as much for playing half an hour from a score as they do for playing an excerpt?

I suggest that no fact has yet been brought to light which answers the argument that the purchaser of a complete work could be afforded a much more substantial advantage than the conventional "art album." People who buy single records ought no doubt to pay present price. The boom in recorded music may not last for ever and the companies are entitled to a fair price. But the price of a complete work is another matter; it seems, in fact, out of all proportion to the actual cost of recording, which appears to be 4s. per record when it reaches the customer. If you want the best performance you must pay 6s. 6d. But does that necessarily mean 32s. 6d. instead of £1 for a complete work? Would not "5 as 4" meet the case?

I refrain from pressing the argument by introducing figures based on still higher prices for super-celebrities.

Yours, etc.,

Bristol.

H. W. CRUNDELL.

RECORDING THE ORCHESTRA.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Goodchild seems to have been so successful in confusing the issues raised in my letter in the August number that perhaps you will allow me to point out to him that his comparison between an operatic and a symphony orchestra is rather beside the point. I took the Royal Opera Orchestra to compare with my sound-boxes merely because it happened to be accessible. Had a full symphony orchestra been available it would probably only have strengthened my argument that at present we are far from getting the real thing on records. The question of the number of the instruments does not seem to me so important as their disposition. So long as they are huddled together in front of the recording machine I suggest that we are scarcely likely to get the proper effect of breadth and atmosphere.

I wonder how many of those who are trying to get it realise how much their efforts are being handicapped by adhering to the modern internal horn instruments. An external horn produces a much more beautiful and natural effect. It is not so much a question of volume as this can be controlled to almost any extent

by the use of various needles, but the tone is more spread and less strident, while the better definition is evidenced by the ease with which the words of songs can be distinguished, when on the records. Personally I have been getting better results than ever before by the use of one of these instruments and a set of the wonderful Vritz boxes. If Mr. Mackenzie had had my string box he would not have had to complain of the scratch on the César Franck quartet records and Mr. Vritz has recently made me a special orchestral box in which he has by some magical means got the depth and body of a large diaphragmed box without losing the proper high pitch of the first violins, which ordinarily one only gets with a small box. With these boxes and fibres you can get all there is on the records with plenty of volume for an ordinary room. When we get the new recording . . .

Yours truly,
LIONEL GILMAN.

WOMEN AND THE GRAMOPHONE.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—The recent attacks on the musical mentality of women in THE GRAMOPHONE, of which I am a constant reader, has aroused my indignation on their behalf, as I consider these reflections (when not merely flippant), both narrow-minded and untrue. Women and men may be divided into two distinct classes. Lovers of the arts and those who are indifferent to them. Of the former class, I venture to assert, there are at least as many women lovers of the gramophone and classical music as men. The fact that women enthusiasts do not write to THE GRAMOPHONE is no proof that they do not exist, nor that women are indifferent, nay, positively hostile, as Mr. Mackenzie asserts. It may be that the gramophone is not so widely patronised by women as it might be, but it must be remembered that cultured women have usually less money to spend on mental recreation than have most men. If gramophones and records were cheaper, the trade would doubtless benefit by increased feminine patronage.

I am in the habit of attending the International Celebrity Concerts in a neighbouring industrial centre, and have been struck by the preponderance of women, many of them poor, all of them silent and attentive, who have been drawn there simply to listen and certainly neither to see nor be seen.

I can only conclude that certain of your correspondents have been singularly unfortunate in the circle of women they have drawn about them.

Yours faithfully,
Macclesfield. GLADYS M. COLLIN.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—T. A. F.'s letter certainly reveals a deplorable state of affairs at Luton. But, seeing that women do generally seem to be less interested in gramophones than men are, it has occurred to me to suggest three reasons for this.

1. It would seem that the pleasure which is commonly felt in gramophone is not a pure pleasure in uncontaminated aesthetic contemplation, but is mixed with other pleasures of the sort which arise from the possession of admirable and enviable material objects, such as the pride of the plutocrat in owning a machine which cost a hundred guineas (T. A. F. seems to assume that this will be of necessity more pleasurable than a cheaper contrivance) or of the humbler person in the possession of an ingeniously tinkered sound-box. Now, in the economic circumstances in which we find ourselves, men are more generally able to acquire desirable objects than women are and women are generally only able to acquire such objects as men think it desirable for them to possess, which are mainly clothes and articles of a like nature (the true reason being that these objects increase the pleasure which men feel in the possession of desirable wives and daughters), and in fact it is early impressed upon them that they will be more considered and will have more power and influence (which every honest person will admit to be in some sort desirable) if they conform to the circumstances in which they find themselves and desist from wishing to own objects other than such as men think it desirable for them to have. These considerations tend to eradicate from the female mind the desire of possessing an acoustically perfect gramophone. It is also observable that these pleasures of ownership consist largely in the knowledge that one has bought an object with one's own money, and in fact we see daily that, when a man

has made a present to his wife, the pleasure and pride of ownership continues to subsist rather in the man than in the woman. Furthermore, men (or the majority of them) have decided that it is more expedient and comfortable for themselves (and what is expedient and comfortable has always an element of pleasure) that women should desire what is useful to their husbands rather than what is attractive to themselves, and should therefore be interested in furniture rather than in sounds; and women have learnt the wisdom of conforming with this opinion. The truth of these observations would be apparent if we considered the case of an unmusical man whose wife asked for a hundred guineas to buy a gramophone.

2. Whoever will carefully examine the state of his mind when pursuing any hobby or other occupation which he considers pleasant will perceive that there is only a small proportion of spontaneous pleasure and that, for the rest, he is deceiving himself and taking a deliberate and artificial pleasure in pretending to himself that he is interested and takes pleasure in pursuits which, apart from his will and intention to be interested, would not be of much interest to him; and he does this in order to keep himself amused. This is true of gramophones, as also of golf and stamps. Now women have, for the most part, to pretend, in good earnest and as a matter of business and economic necessity and also as a moral duty, to be interested in the dull conversation and absurd interests and achievements (wherein let some gramophonic interests and practices be included) of their husbands, fathers, sons, and of men generally, in order to encourage them in these pursuits and so render them more contented and less exacting; and the effort of keeping up this pretence is necessarily tiring and often distasteful. For this reason we may expect that women would not find any recreation or pleasure in going on pretending (even to themselves) that they are more interested in anything than they spontaneously feel themselves to be, and therefore would be less assiduous and deliberate in the pursuit of hobbies, and this would include gramophone.

3. Putting aside professional musicians and those whose standard of knowledge and achievement approaches that of the professional musician, women are generally either definitely more musical than men, or definitely less musical. This may be due to the fact that women generally either have distinctly more leisure and less constant ties of business and daily duty than men or else have distinctly less leisure and more constant ties of business and daily duty (and this would depend mainly on whether they can afford to keep servants, and so forth, whereas men generally work for definite hours and are free for the rest of the day). Another reason may be that men tend to find their lives divided between their businesses and their homes, and so make a division between those occupations which they pursue seriously and those which they pursue by way of hobby, whereas women generally tend to find no such division, and therefore pursue music either seriously or not at all. Now the gramophonist occupies a middle position: he is a person with a considerable interest in music, but his interest is not sufficiently strenuous to induce him to learn to play several instruments and to read score silently; the person who can play several instruments and read score may also possess a gramophone, and may find it of great assistance, but he will regard it as an imperfect auxiliary, and is therefore not a true "gramophonist." For the reasons above-mentioned, women tend not to occupy this middle position.

I must refer to T. A. F.'s experiences at concerts. Programmes are generally too long, and the attention therefore reverts from the music to whatever subject is engrossing the mind; T. A. F.'s attention seems, on his own showing, to revert to misogyny. The women with whom I have attended concerts have, in nearly every case, been more continuously and genuinely attentive than myself, and I think that that is the common experience, since women who are not musical seem rather more ready than men to admit beforehand that they would be bored.

I apologise for an excessively long letter. But I have been not a little provoked by T. A. F.'s letter, which must be necessarily annoying to any man who does not insult his women friends by describing them as ladies.

Your obedient servant,
Streatham.

FRANCIS E. TERRY.

[Many readers of both sexes have been similarly provoked, and it is clear that silence is not necessarily a sign of inarticulateness. Some of the offended sex, anxious to champion their cause, have even descended into the Forum for that purpose. They are very welcome.—ED.]

Gramophone Societies' Reports

CARDIFF AND DISTRICT GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—A general meeting was held at the Foresters' Hall, Charles Street, on September 10th. A good muster was raised, and we proceeded quickly to the evening's business. After receiving and adopting the Secretary's report, the following officers were unanimously re-elected for the forthcoming season: Chairman, Mr. N. O. Davies; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Evan G. Jones; Recording Secretary, Mr. Trevor Price. In addition Messrs. Owen and Hughes were appointed Auditors, and the Committee were re-elected *en bloc*. The Secretary then appealed for programme suggestions, and happily our members proved themselves to be brimful of good ideas. Animated discussions took place, and many points of view were expounded. This is all to the good. The Committee were particularly anxious to get at the thoughts of all the members, and are glad that their opinions were so readily forthcoming. All these suggestions are receiving consideration, and from them an excellent syllabus can be arranged for the whole season, catering, we hope, for practically all tastes. Most throats now being dry, the refreshments were gladly ordered in, and duly done justice to! Formality went by the board, and after a suitable interval we settled down happily to a selection of records provided by our chairman. These were purposely of wide range—from Albert Chevalier and Vivian Foster to Ruffo and the Lener String Quartet. A friendly argument between two committee men was decided on this occasion; Stracciari's and Tita Ruffo's versions of *Largo al Factotum* were played successively, and the audience asked to judge which was the better. The Ruffo record proved to be the winner. The Lener record of a movement from an early Haydn *Quartet in F major* was charming; the leader's habit of "soloing" has often been commented upon, but here it cannot but be approved, as most of the interest of this movement lies in the first violin part—very different, of course, from quartets of a later period. At the close of this selection members were very loth to go, and as a final treat we heard Lauritz Melchior's magnificent record of *Es starrt der Blick from Parsifal*; this really is a fine rendering, and one cannot but be moved by the singer's dramatic intensity. The disc is one of half a dozen very kindly presented to the Society by the Parlophone Company, with the promise of "more to follow." We are exceedingly grateful for this gift, and the records have found much favour among our members.

The first recital of the season will be given on September 24th, at the Foresters' Hall, by Mr. White, of Penarth, and will be devoted to *Pagliacci*. Any further details will gladly be supplied by the Secretary on application being made to him at 26, Enid Street, Splott, Cardiff. Acknowledgments are tendered to Messrs. Heath for the loan of a Grafonola for our general meeting.—TREVOR PRICE, *Hon. Recording Secretary*.

DEWSBURY AND DISTRICT GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—The above Society, which has been temporarily closed during the summer months, intends to recommence its musical evenings on Tuesday, October 6th, 1925, at 7.30 p.m., in the Church House, Church Street, Dewsbury. This night will be open to members and friends, who are intending enrolling as members of the Society, and a programme will be given by Mr. W. A. Newsome, of Batley. The Committee have been very active during the past months, and it is to be hoped that their endeavours will be appreciated by the members. The winter syllabus, which will include musical programmes, musical talks, monthly reviews of records, competition night, and members' open night, is varied and one that is sure to please the musical tastes of all members. Members' meetings will be held every second Tuesday in the month, at the Church House, at 7.30 p.m., and special open meetings will be duly announced in the local press. The Committee are approaching the coming season with great enthusiasm, and it now remains for the members to turn up in full force along with interested friends and so ensure a successful session. On Tuesday, October 13th, 1925, members' evening, Mr. S. Brasher, of Dewsbury, will give a talk on Music of Various Nations, with suitable musical demonstrations. Prospective members are invited to write for particulars to Mr. K. Walker, honorary secretary, 2, Clement Terrace, Savile Town, Dewsbury.—K. WALKER, *Hon. Secretary*.

THE NORTH LONDON GRAMOPHONE AND PHONOGRAPH SOCIETY.—For the first time since its inception in 1911 the Society discontinued its monthly meeting in August as a concession to the modern holiday spirit. Since then the annual general

meeting has taken place, revealing an improved financial condition under the tactful and capable management of our hon. Chairman and Financial Secretary (Mr. L. Ivory), and his devoted colleagues. The election of officers for the forthcoming year resulted as follows: Hon. President, Mr. Norman H. Hillyer; Hon. Chairman and Financial Secretary, Mr. L. Ivory; Hon. Recording Secretary, Mr. William J. Robins. At the conclusion of the official business of the meeting Mr. A. C. Edwards regaled the audience with a demonstration upon the Society's Seymour gramophone, of a programme of Parlophone records, popularising classical music at comparatively reasonable prices. Here we had Wagner, Handel, Schubert, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Mendelssohn, Massenet, and Mozart at their best, at not more than the price of "fox-trot" at its worst. The universality of music was exemplified by the catholic *Ave Maria* of Schubert and the Hebrew *Kol Nidrei* of Max Bruck, varied by the lightness and grace of Massenet's *Scènes Pittoresques*. Julius Berger's rendering of Handel's *Largo* had the true 'cello tone, and the Irmel Ladies' Choir showed notable improvement in the recording of concerted vocalism. The *Peer Gynt Suite*, No. 2 of Grieg was a very fine reproduction by the Opera House Orchestra, and the *Andante Cantabile* of Tchaikovsky was pleasantly played by the Eweler String Quartette. Altogether a very successful programme, and an indication of Mr. Edwards's ability to get the lofty goods over without that uncomfortable feeling on the part of his audience that they were being intellectually "improved." At any rate, silent attention accompanied by hearty applause was received by Mr. Edwards for every item on the programme. Future fixtures are: Saturday, November 14th, H.M.V. records, by Mr. L. Ivory; Saturday, December 12th, Vocalion records by the Vocalion Co. All applications and enquiries as to membership should be addressed to Mr. L. Ivory, 34, Granville Road, Stroud Green, N.—WILLIAM J. ROBINS, *Hon. Recording Secretary*.

THE GLASGOW AND DISTRICT GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—Our forthcoming session promises to be a most interesting one. We are to have lectures from Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the esteemed Editor of *THE GRAMOPHONE*, and Mr. Percy Gordon, the musical critic of the *Glasgow Herald*. We would like all gramophone enthusiasts to get in touch with the Secretary, of 66, Prince Edward Street, Crosshill, who will furnish them with full information regarding the Society and its work.

Office-Bearers, 1925-26.—President, Mr. James C. Stewart; Vice-President, Mr. Alex. Ross; Hon. Secretary, Mr. T. Macfarlane, 66, Prince Edward Street, Glasgow, S. 2; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Alex. H. Menzies; Musical Advisor, Mr. Wm. C. Weir. Executive Committee: Mr. A. Dougan, Mr. R. Sutherland, Mr. J. S. Robertson, Mr. A. A. Brown, Mr. H. Young, Mr. C. Henderson.

SHEFFIELD GRAMOPHONE AND PHONOGRAPH SOCIETY.—After the summer vacation we held the first meeting of the autumn season on September 1st at our headquarters, Messrs. Stephenson's Restaurant. The programme was in the capable hands of our Secretary, Mr. H. Acton, who had culled from his library a most interesting series of items. All tastes were catered for, the records including anything from the humour of George Robey to heavy grand opera. We opened with a brisk march, *Steadfast and True*, and passed to renderings by Lappas, Heifetz, Rachmaninoff, Alma Gluck, Bori, De Luca, McCormack, etc., etc. Particularly pleasing were the *Marriage of Figaro Overture*, by the Beecham Symphony Orchestra; a Neapolitan song by Benj. Gigli; *Spanish Dance*, by Heifetz; also the *Little Town in the Old County Down*, by McCormack, which served to show the versatility of this famous artist. An innovation was the playing of the Parlophone new issues. The Parlophone Company, Ltd., have offered to us their new records each month for demonstration purposes, the records to pass into the Society's library, and needless to say, their generosity is much appreciated. The items we have heard indicate very clearly that this make of record must be awarded a place amongst the best, particularly the orchestral section. In this class we do not remember hearing records to beat them for clarity and a pure vigorous tone. In this connection we would remark on the discs by the Edith Lorand Orchestra. The music is of the lighter type and the reproduction is both forceful and pleasing. Three sides of two records are taken up with the overture to the *Mastersingers*, the remaining side being devoted to the *Dance of the Apprentices*, and all are excellently done by Opera House Orchestra. Wagner is well represented, for there

are also excerpts from *Lohengrin* by Emmy Bettendorf and from *Die Walküre* and *Parsifal* by Lauritz Melchior. Suffice it to say that these artistes do full justice to the great composer. A hearty vote of thanks was proposed and carried, in recognition of the Parlophone Company's generosity.—T. H. BROOKS, *Hon. Press Secretary*.

THE SOUTH LONDON GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—Contrary to precedent we were able to welcome amongst us as a demonstrator at the August meeting a lady, in the person of Mrs. Desmonde, who brought to her work a good deal of experience in presenting the short programme at her disposal. The question has been raised in these columns as to the whereabouts of the ladies in matters relating to music, and more especially the gramophone, and various reasons have been advanced as to their absence. One, however, that seems to have passed unnoticed is that very few women go in for the gramophone off their own bat, either from inability to give sufficient attention to the matter as a hobby, lack of time or inclination to study the musical side, and also, as must often happen, one is not always able to take an independent course. Among her offerings were several unfamiliar things; indeed, this seemed to be the keynote of the evening, and made for variety. The *Ballet Music* from *Rosamunde* is only to be obtained in a mutilated form, and although often played at Queen's Hall, has not yet appeared in the Columbia lists. Here we had it on a Homochord record, but only one side—what a pity! The duet, *La ci darem la mano*, by Werrenrath and Garrison, is perhaps the best now available, most of the others being old recordings, and *With verdure clad* with which Florence Austral varied her excursions into Wagner, is quite good, and the accompaniment also. The *Serenade Melancolique* of Tchaikovsky, of which the version by Heifetz seems to be the only one available, came rather as a surprise, few having heard it before. Brahms' *Quartet in B flat*, Op. 67, has not yet appeared complete, and it was interesting to hear the *Andante* played by the Eweler String Quartet for Parlophone. Very little of Sibelius' music is recorded, still less is it generally known, yet the work entitled *Festivo*, played by the London Symphony Orchestra shows a marked Elgar style, and is also one of the very successful recordings by this orchestra. Rossini's *Cujus Animam* is claimed as one of Caruso's most successful efforts, and it undoubtedly displays his voice very effectively. Mr. Mills was also able to give us two items by the little-remembered composer Goldmark, the *Andante* from the *Violin Concerto in A minor* (Heifetz) and the recently-issued *Bridal Song* from the *Rustic Wedding Symphony*, which heralded the much-discussed electrical recording process of H.M.V., and caused much favourable comment. It will be of much interest when larger works are made available under this system. Our member, Mr. Glazier, in bringing his own machine, was able to be independent of mechanical shortcomings, in that he presented Pathé, Edison, and needle-cut discs with the minimum of inconvenience. *Pique Dame Overture* (in three parts), by the Pathé Military Band, was very successful, as also were the piano records of the Edison disc, among which was the perennial *Prelude* of and by Rachmaninoff. The surprise of this programme, perhaps, was a Vocal record of *La Source Ballet Music*, by the Regent Symphony Orchestra.—S. F. D. HOWARTH, *Reporting Secretary*.

THE SOUTH - EAST LONDON RECORDED MUSIC SOCIETY.—The autumn session of the above-named Society opened with a programme of "Some Modern British Compositions," given by Mr. E. Baker at Clock Tower Chambers, Lewisham, on September 14th. It had been intended that the programme should take the form of a lecture-demonstration, but in view of the large amount of material available it was thought the opportunity might be taken to make this programme just introductory to a series. In a brief preamble Mr. Baker explained that the programme had been drawn up with two objects in view, viz.: (1) To show that not all "modern" efforts were insane; (2) to illustrate the tendency to search out new fields of expression. He reminded the audience that in his previous talks on "Instrumental Music" and "Haydn and Mozart," it had been shown that music was always developing. Our present era was just a continuation of that development, and it was difficult to say in what direction it would ultimately go. He thought that all efforts by young composers should receive most careful hearing and that hasty judgment should be abjured. He asked his listeners to delve into the works, hear them over and over again, and try to find out exactly what was in the composer's mind. There was too much of a tendency amongst the "masses" to judge music by the "pretty tune" standard, a standard which music had long outgrown.

The programme commenced with a work by our greatest living composer, Sir Edward Elgar. Fortunately, there was no need to whip up attention here, in view of the very interesting lecture Mr. Yeomans of The Gramophone Co., Ltd., had given the Society a few months ago. Mr. Baker therefore gave only a brief outline of the idea underlying the overture, *In the South*, and left his listeners to the full enjoyment of one of the finest symphonic poems in the list of British works, played by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra under Sir Edward himself. The next big work chosen was Frank Bridge's *Sea Suite*, played by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the composer. By the kindness of the Columbia Gramophone Co., Mr. Baker was able to furnish his audience with copies of the interesting pamphlet given with the records. By the help of these, members were better able to appreciate this work. The same remarks also apply to the next big orchestral work, Holst's *Beni-Mora*. Of course, the programme was not wholly orchestral, for between the works mentioned there were songs and instrumental pieces such as Goring Thomas's *A Summer Night* (Leila Megane), Graham Peel's *Song of the Wooden-legged Fiddler* (Norman Allin), Holbrooke's *Come not when I am dead* (John Coates), two of Bantock's *Songs of Egypt* (Leila Megane), York Bowen's *Arabesque* (York Bowen), and a very light trifle by Frank Bridge, by way of contrast to the *Sea Suite*, *Serenade* (Marjorie Hayward). Altogether a varied programme, yet one which hung on its own peg. The little comments on the works helped one to appreciate all the better that the works of British musicians are quite as worthy of an evening to themselves as the many foreigners—great as they may be. Owing to the length of the programme it was not possible to demonstrate many new issues, but the famous Columbia "Glee" record had to be given. Then there was the Parlophone *Meistersinger* records, which were highly complimented. In the New Year it is hoped to hear all the best of new issues at special intermediate meetings. The new syllabus is nearly ready and the Secretary will be pleased to receive applications for a copy. Note Secretary's new address, 34, Chalsey Road, Brockley, S.E. 4. Next month's meeting will be in the hands of Mr. Walter Yeomans, principal of the H.M.V. Educational Department and a great friend of the Society. His subject will be "Form in Music" and being an open night visitors will be very welcome without any obligation to join, but application for seats should be made at once to the Society's Secretary. Date, November 12th.—ED. C. COXALL.

MANCHESTER GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—At the September meeting, held in the Onward Buildings, Deansgate, Messrs. Hime and Addison, of 195-7, Deansgate, Manchester, gave a very enjoyable demonstration of the "Clifphone" instrument and Brunswick records, both of which were novelties to the Society.

The general opinion of the audience seemed to be that the "Clifphone" was at its best with Orchestral and Band records and, in a lesser degree, with Instrumental music, but that the vocal items were not on the whole reproduced to advantage. Of these latter the most successful was Elizabeth Rethberg's delightful rendering of *Maddalena's Narrative* (Andrea Chénier), whilst the duet *Mal reggendo* (*Il Trovatore*) by Onegin and Chamlee was excellent, Chamlee's voice showing a noticeable resemblance to that of Caruso both in tone and style of delivery. Sigrid Onegin was also excellent in *Softly awakes my heart*, her sensationally high note (for a contralto) at the close being wonderfully pure and sweet. Michael Bohnen's singing of the *Two Grenadiers* was very fine but somewhat marred in its reproduction by the Clifphone, while Virginia Rea's really sweet voice in the lovely *L'Heure Exquise* showed to very poor advantage.

Of the Instrumental items, Godowsky's rendering of Chopin's *Polonaise Militaire* was strikingly clear and vivid, and the tone of the piano was good, in striking contrast to the terribly distorted piano tone in his *Liebestraum* (Liszt)—a considerably older recording though, it must be said. Amongst the Orchestral and Band records that of the Capitol Grand Orchestra in the *Traviata Prelude* received, perhaps, the best reception of the evening, though closely followed by Vessella's Italian Band in the *Dance of the Hours* (*La Gioconda*) and *Solemn in quest'ora* (*Forza del Destino*), the former of which in particular being conspicuously vivacious in its rendering and crisply clear in tone.

At the close a very hearty vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Messrs. Hime and Addison, to whom the Society is indebted for many good services in the past.—CECIL J. BRENNAN, *Honorary Secretary and Treasurer*.



THE NEW-POOR PAGE

Half-Crown and Two-Shilling
records good on both sides



NOW the new pressings of Zonophone records have such a beautiful surface there remains no cheap make of twelve-inch records on which surface noise and wear under correct playing conditions differentiate them appreciably from ten-inch records, and it is thought that four-shilling records of twelve inches diameter may now well come within the category of suitable investments, for even the poorest gramophone owners. Although exercising the greatest care to avoid mentioning any ten-inch records on twelve-inch discs, as I shall do, this will open up such a quantity of music of the very highest class that even the best possible recordings of low class music will stand no chance of a mention, and that too is all as it should be, for my readers have become more and more critical and more and more impatient of anything but the very best, even as their numbers have increased. Who would have believed two years ago that such a mass of fine subject-matter for gramophone owners' reading could have been mustered in these columns as is seen in recent issues? But more and more articles of absorbing interest have to be given space, so, from the next issue onward, the new poor (in common with other readers) must be content with the size of type used in other reviews, and consequently with a shrinkage of space occupied from one page to one column.

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Some old favourites are missing from among the really good recordings this month, but on the whole they constitute a wonderful September bulletin.

ACO.—VIOLIN: *Extase* (Ganne), played by Peggy Cochrane. ORCHESTRAL: *Les Mandolinistes*; something very light. PIANOFORTE: *Trois Ecossaises* (Chopin), played by Maurice Cole. SOPRANO: *One morning very early*, sung by Thea Phillips. VOCAL DUET, SOPRANO AND TENOR: *Rose of my Heart*. CONTRALTO: *Here in the quiet Hills*, sung by Elsie Fisher; quite a perfect record. BARITONE: *The Rebel*, sung by John Thorne.

BELTONA.—SCOTS SONG: *Hurrah for the Highlands*, sung by Elliott Dobie. CONTRALTO: *Christine's Lament*, sung by Minnie Mearns; this seems to be Scottish so far as the words are concerned. CHILDREN'S NUMBER: *Slumber Song* (Schumann), bells and orchestra. VIOLIN: *Paderewski's Minuet*, played by G. Winchester. MILITARY BAND: *London Scottish March*. WALTZ: *Memories of a Rose*.

HOMOCHORD.—There are the two remaining discs of Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques* at 4s. each (12in.). They are played by Leo Sirota. Part VI. is the most perfect example of pianoforte recording I have, although there is a good deal more *forte* than *piano* about it.

IMPERIAL.—OPERATIC: *Manon*, a tenor solo sung in Italian by Luigi Cilla, of the Milan Scala. A very fine FOX-TROT, *Temple Bells*. AN OLD ENGLISH SONG by Purcell, *Passing by*, well sung by a sweet tenor and quite perfectly recorded.

PARLOPHONE.—A splendid JAZZ number by Vincent Lopez, *Stepping out*.

VELVET FACE.—All artistic new-poor readers are greatly to be congratulated on a reduction of prices of these records to 2s. 6d. and 4s. They should certainly get the full list from their dealers and may very well start buying with the PIANOFORTE CONCERTO by Marie Novello and orchestra (three 4s. discs), *Concerto in G minor* (Mendelssohn).

REGAL.—BARITONE: *My Ladye Fayre* (from *Scaramouche*), sung by Kenneth Walters. FOX-TROT: *Me Neenyah*. VIOLIN: *Caprice Viennois*, played by Manuella. This is the very best half crown rendering of this delightful solo I have yet heard. BARITONE AND QUARTETTE: *Come where my Love lies Dreaming*; beautifully clear both in singing and recording.

ZONOPHONE.—Peter Dawson's singing together with the always good vocal recording of the Zonophone Co., Ltd., is wonderful value at half-a-crown. This month we have *Beyond the Sunset*. The CHOIR AND ORGAN hymns on these records are always good. *Now thank we all our God*.

ULTIMATE SELECTIONS.

VIOLIN .	<i>Caprice Viennois</i>	. . .	REGAL.
PIANOFORTE .	Parts 5 and 6 <i>Etudes Symphoniques</i>	. . .	HOMO.
SOPRANO .	<i>One morning very early</i>	. . .	ACO.
CONTRALTO .	<i>Here in the Quiet Hills</i>	. . .	ACO.
TENOR .	<i>Passing By</i>	. . .	IMPERIAL.
BARITONE .	<i>Manon</i>	. . .	IMPERIAL.
CHILDREN'S NUMBER }	<i>Slumber Song</i>	. . .	BELTONA.
MILITARY BAND }	<i>London Scottish March</i>	. . .	BELTONA.
FOX-TROTTS .	<i>Stepping out</i>	. . .	PARLO.
	<i>Temple Bells</i>	. . .	IMPERIAL.

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Will those readers who think of favouring me with a call or a letter kindly note that my only address now is 123, High Street, Portsmouth.

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N.B.—I have purposely refrained from giving catalogue information because I wish readers to get the lists containing any numbers they fancy from their dealers, and then if they do not like the pair on the record I have mentioned they may be tempted to try another record of the same series.

Everyone should remember that machines having small horns (resonators) will not respond fully to the tone of instruments having large resonators or large resonating columns of air.

H. T. B.